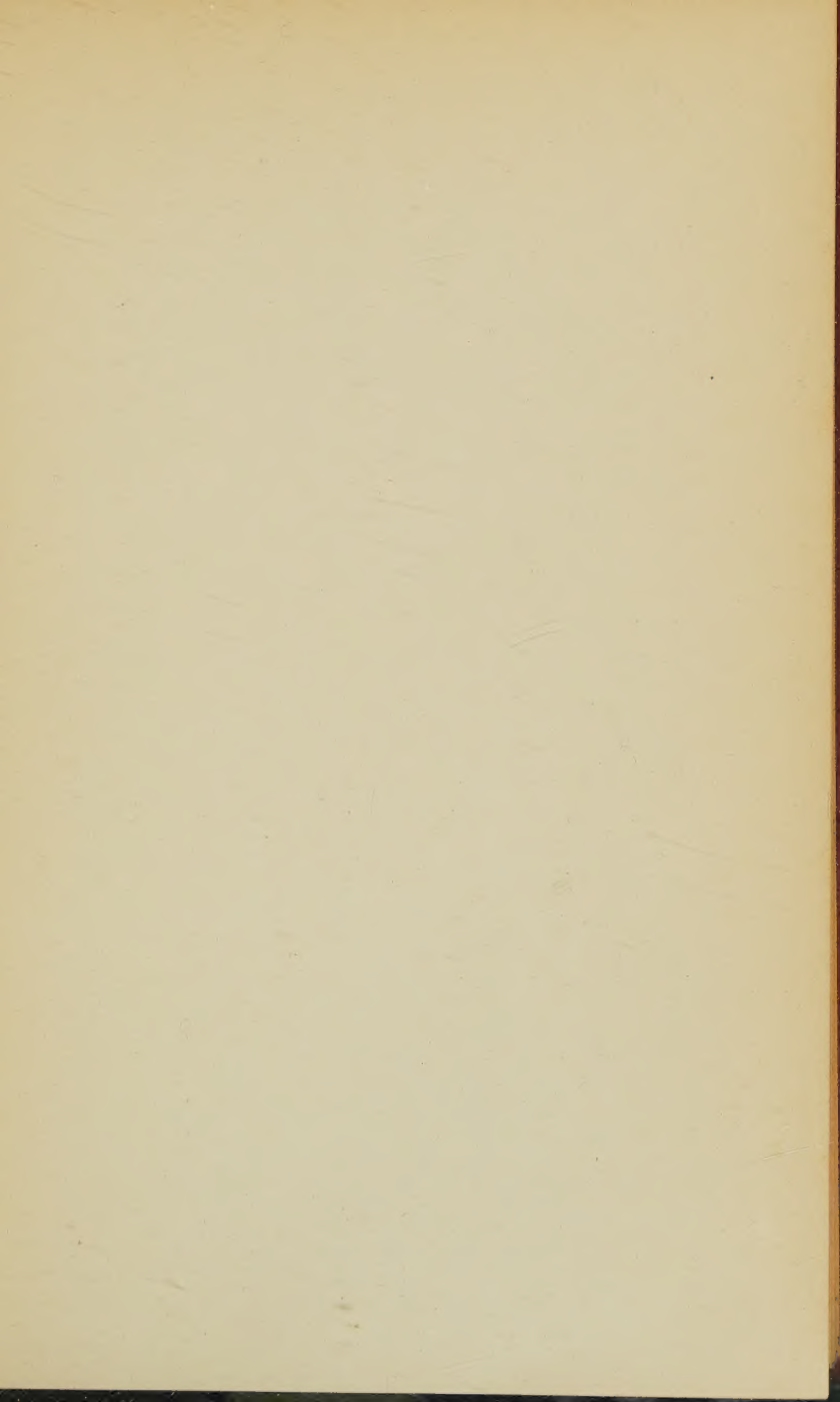


THE TEMPTING *of*
FATHER ANTHONY
By GEORGE HORTON



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THE TEMPTING OF
FATHER ANTHONY



Paraskevė.

The Tempting of Father Anthony

By GEORGE HORTON

Author of "Like Another Helen"

WITH FIVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY OTTO SCHNEIDER



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TO
KATHERINE D. HORTON

*Ἔρωτα δ' ὅστις μὴ θεὸν κρίνει μέγαν
Καὶ τῶν ἀπάντων δαιμόνων ὑπέρτατον,
ἧ σκαιός ἐστιν ἢ καλῶν ἄπειρος ὢν
Οὐκ οἶδε τὸν μέγιστον ἀνθρώποις θεόν.*

FRAGMENT OF LOST PLAY

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The Tempting of Father Anthony

I.

ONE drowsy afternoon in August, Anastasi Kriezes lay in the cool shadow of a fig-tree reading. Above him, white against the hillside, was the quaint town of Damala. It looks like a snow-bank when seen far from the sea. Below him were the plains of ancient Trœzen, and at a greater distance laughed the open sea. All the country round him was sacred in classic interest, and beautiful beyond the portrayal of pen. But of these things Anastasi had no perception. From his infancy he had gathered anemones on the site of a buried city, and he knew no phase of nature save those of mountains and sea.

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Besides, Anastasi was seventeen, and he was reading for the hundredth time a story that had produced as strong an impression on his mind as fairy tale ever made upon the mind of boy. He lay flat upon his stomach, elbows on the ground, face resting between his two hands. Before him was a large, flat book written in Greek, and entitled "Lives of the Saints." It was opened at the "Life of St. Anthony the Great," and Anastasi was in the middle of an exciting adventure between that wonderful man and a whole army of demons.

The youth had acquired his love of ecclesiastical literature by heredity. His father was officiating priest of the little Greek church of Damala, an office which had been held by members of the same family through many succeeding generations. No one doubted that Anastasi would marry in time, and take his father's place in the two-roomed house by the church, and in the church itself. He would thus be-

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come the greatest man in the community, greater than the village schoolmaster and the demarch (mayor). Consciousness of this fact had given him a serious air almost as soon as he was able to talk, and had inspired him to hold aloof from his more frivolous comrades. No one had ever seen him play marbles, or heard his voice merrily shouting in the game of mora. He was now reading aloud and his voice had an excited ring:

“And St. Anthony went to certain tombs, which were a long way from the village, having ordered a certain acquaintance of his to bring him bread every so many days; and he went into a tomb, and the servant went away, having closed the door after him. And the saint remained alone and prayed. But the devil could not endure these things, and fearing lest the desert should be filled with saints, he went one night with a throng of demons, and he gave Anthony such a beating that he was stretched out sense-

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less from the blows. On the morning, thanks to God's providence, the servant came with bread, and opening the door and seeing him there as one dead, he lifted him up and took him to the village. And when the priests were all collected together, they regarded him as dead. But in the middle of the night he came to himself, and seeing how all slept except the servant, to him he nodded, that he should lead Anthony into the country, where he had found him. Perceiving this, the servant assisted him, and closed him again in the tomb. Then the saint fell on his face, and after praying, shouted: 'Here I am! I do not flee from blows, and if you do me greater evils, you cannot separate me from the love of Christ, my Saviour.'

"The demons became more furious, seeing that beaten he defied them, and they took the forms of reptiles and wild beasts, and filled the place with lions, and bears,

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leopards, bulls, snakes, wolves, asps, and other similar shapes, and each in its own way waged war against him. The lion roared to eat him, the bull to gore him, and the scorpion tried to sting him — ”

“Anastasi! Anastasi!” called a shrill voice.

The boy did not hear.

“The saint, being beaten and stung by them, felt a most terrible pain in all his body, but in his soul he was fearless and wakeful; though he groaned for the pain of his body, yet his mind was clear, and he laughed the demons to scorn — ”

“Anastasi! Anastasi! where are you?”

“And he said if you had the power, one of you would be sufficient to conquer me. But since your prince has lost courage, for that reason you come in a throng to terrify me — ”

“Oh, here you are!” said a boyish voice. “I thought I should never find you. Our mothers are going to bake bread, and

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they want us to go up the ravine for a donkey-load of wild thyme."

The speaker was Kotsas, son of the demarch, and the only boy in Damala who was on terms of intimacy with Anastasi.

The latter meekly closed the book and proceeded up the hill with his friend. The two boys were dressed exactly alike, and a queer couple they would have seemed to any one not accustomed to their costume. Each wore the vraki, short breeches of blue homespun tied about the leg at the knee. But such breeches! So voluminous were they that a great bag of superfluous cloth dropped down between the legs and almost swept the ground. This bag swung to and fro like a pendulum as its wearer walked, and he seemed to straddle his legs to give it room to oscillate. Although it was summer in a hot clime, the boys' calves were encased in thick woolen stockings, also home-made. Each wore a sleeveless, double-breasted vest over an ordinary col-

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ored shirt. Heavy, pointed shoes and wide-brimmed straw hats completed the singular costumes, so familiar in the islands and sea-ports of Greece. The boys themselves presented a marked difference in physical characteristics. The demarch's son was short, pudgy, and rather hard of breath. He had a habit of hiding huge chunks of bread in the bosom of his shirt, and he stuffed one in his mouth whenever unobserved. He was completely under the influence of Anastasi, who was the stronger character.

The latter was handsome even for a Greek boy. He was tall and straight, with thin face and regular features. His eyes were big and brown, and his hair curly.

There was no other life stirring except the two boys. Everything else possessed of motion or of sound gave forth a sleepy influence. To such a land must the lotus-eaters have come, where it "seemeth always afternoon." The few sleepy clouds in the blue sky moved leisurely. The white sails on

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the shimmery waters seemed to drift from one horizon to another. One could imagine the sailors asleep on the decks, forgetful of their wives.

The boys passed through a pear orchard where a million iridescent green beetles were blundering clumsily among the fruit. The insects were the incarnation of summer. They were lazy, yet fierce and passionate. Their mingled choiring made a golden murmur, and when a single one hummed by, his wings sounded like the low note of a bass viol. Every moment a honey-bee or a blue-fly went by on a higher octave.

On the balconies of the two-story white houses, the inmates were sleeping. The little square in the center of the town was deserted. The doors of its two or three stores of general merchandise were open, but the merchants were dreaming deep in the cool twilight interiors.

The priest's house and the church were

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situated on the upper side of the town, in a fragrant pine grove. The house was a two-story structure, built, like nearly all the dwellings in Greece, of stone held together by adhesive mud. It consisted of one large room below, with a hard earth floor, and another large room above. At one side of the lower apartment was the family bed, and at one end was an old-fashioned fireplace, where cooking was done. A table, a couple of benches, and two or three chairs completed the furnishing of the room. As for mural decorations, an eikon of the most Holy Virgin hung over the bed; and a number of pans and cooking utensils, prominent among which were several long-handled copper dippers for the making of black coffee, were suspended about the fireplace. The scanty dishes of the household reposed in a rack over a stone sink opposite the bed.

Upstairs long strings of garlic were suspended from one wall to the other like

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the cables of a suspension bridge. The leaves had been plaited into ropes, and thus the bulbs were held together. Here also were piled or stowed away whatever reserves of dried or vegetable food the family chanced to have on hand, and here Anastasi slept on the floor with his little brother. Their bed consisted of a straw mattress, and when cold they covered themselves with goat skins. The oven, for which the boys were to collect the fragrant thyme, was outside the house. It was a conical structure, inclosing a spacious cavern, inside of which the fire was built. When its floor became hot, the fire was raked one side, and the huge loaves of unbaked bread were laid in the ashes.

Kuria (Mrs.) Kriezes and the demarch's wife shared the oven together, as their houses were near.

Not a soul was stirring at the parsonage.

On the shady side of the building there was a long stone bench jutting out from

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the wall. It served as a seat for the family on summer evenings, the wall providing a back, and it was the priest's favorite place of siesta after the noonday meal. Papa (priest) Evangelos was stretched flat upon his back, and but for his truly masculine snores, a foreigner might have mistaken him for a bearded lady in repose. No one, however, could possibly have thought him a sleeping beauty. His chimney-pot hat, with its brim on top, had fallen off, and rolled some distance down the hill. The playful kitten that had assisted it on its way, yielding to the influence of the hour, was sleeping inside. The good priest's long, gray hair, worn in a woman's knot, had partially escaped from its pins, and one strand hung down beside the bench. His long, black robes were also feminine in appearance; but his venerable beard, which every breeze blew about his face, was patriarchal in the extreme. Take it all in all, the ingenuity

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of man has never invented a stranger phantom than a Greek priest in holy vesture.

Papa Evangelos was sleeping unreservedly. Every deep sigh, every sonorous snore, was eloquent of oblivion. In Greece, between one and four, the siesta is universal, and all business is suspended; people even cease dying and being born during those hours.

Kotsas looked into the house.

Little Yonko and the papadia (priest's wife) were sound asleep on a blanket stretched on the floor. Their heads were together, and their bodies formed a right angle. Under an oak tree before the house stood the donkey. He had forgotten his hay and was nodding. Somewhere near a turtle-dove cooed, and its voice sounded far off.

"I say," said Kotsas, sliding down by the side of the tree, "let's take a nap. Nobody works at this hour of the day."

Anastasi made no reply for a moment. He listened to the lullabys of nature, and

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was strongly tempted. Then he felt the great book under his arm, and thought of Father Anthony.

“No,” he replied, “one of St. Anthony’s greatest virtues was wakefulness. He slept only two or three hours out of the twenty-four. My time is almost come to go into the wilderness and be a saint, and fight with dragons, lions, and elephants. To-day I think I will show you the cavern where I am to live.”

Kotsas rose to his feet, his big eyes wide with interest. In his excitement he pulled a piece of black bread from his shirt and bit off a mouthful.

“Won’t you be afraid?” he asked, his utterance thick with food.

“Oh, thou of little faith!” exclaimed Anastasi; “all a saint has to do when the evil one gets too strong for him is to make the sign of the cross. Then all the devils and wild animals either run away or fall down and worship him.”

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"I think I'll go and be a saint, too," said Kotsas.

"You? Pooh! Could you live alone in the woods, go without sleep, and eat once every two days?"

"Don't saints eat any oftener than that?"

"Of course not, you ninny. Fasting is one of the first principles of holiness. The less a saint eats the holier he is."

"Then I think I'll be something else," said Kotsas, taking another bite of bread.

Anastasi untied the nodding donkey and the two boys mounted him. They took a little path that ran around the dry hill, like the thread of a screw. High above them, to the left, towered the acropolis of ancient Træzen. The temple that crowned the summit is gone, yet the great rock stands there unchanged and unchangeable. The true God builded so much better than the false.

They passed through a pine grove.

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Here the air was fragrant and drowsy, and the fallen pine spindles were piled up in the shade into fragrant couches. Innumerable cicadas rasped monotonously.

Kotsas slid limply from the donkey. "I must sleep," said he.

Anastasi called to his fallen comrade, but received no reply.

"Kotsas! Kotsas!" The shout seemed to produce a slight consciousness, which only resulted in the sleeper's rolling into a more comfortable position. The left arm was bent and the head lolled over it. The right leg was drawn up and the left was straight out.

Kotsas drew in deep breaths, and let them out again in long sighs. His mouth was open.

"It makes me sleepy to look at him," said Anastasi. "But how shall I triumph over lions and elephants if I cannot conquer my own flesh?"

Looking about with heavy eyes, he saw

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a thistle but a little way off. Springing to the ground, he ran to it and cut off a sprig with his hatchet. Twisting it around on the inside of his hat, he jammed the latter resolutely on his head; but immediately he snatched it off again and threw it on the ground.

"Ouch!" he screamed. "Ouch! ouch! ouch! Holy Virgin! Oh, my poor head!"

He put his fingers to his forehead, and when he drew them away they were stained with blood.

"I cannot begin crucifying the flesh yet," muttered Anastasi. "A saint must be further advanced than I am before he begins to do that. Phew! how my head hurts. But how could I stand it to be hided by devils, like St. Anthony was, if a common donkey thistle makes me scream? I must do penance. I'll let Kotsas sleep while I cut all the thyme myself."

Leaving the donkey in the shade, the would-be saint went further up the moun-

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tain side, hatchet in hand, and attacked the wild thyme with a will. For two long hours he worked in the broiling sun, cutting the green twigs and piling them in a heap. He returned at last exhausted, but triumphant, to where his young friend lay sleeping. After a vigorous shaking, Kotsas awoke.

The cicadas had ceased their singing and a fresher breeze was stirring in the pines. It made a low, æolian murmur in the branches.

Kotsas sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Where am I?" he yawned. "Oh, I remember now. Hello! Anastasi; we came to cut thymari, didn't we? Holy Virgin!" springing to his feet, "I'll warrant it's five o'clock. We must hurry or we'll both eat wood (get a whipping). How hungry I am." Out came the chunk of bread.

"The wood is all chopped," said Anastasi, solemnly. "While you've been sleeping, I've been at work. Come and help me tie it on the mule, and then I'll show you

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the cavern where I'm to live in the wilderness."

"The wood's all chopped!" exclaimed Kotsas, through his mouthful of bread. "Anastasi, you're beginning to be a saint already."

The donkey was untethered and led to the brush, which was quickly tied into two immense bundles and hung onto the animal's back, a bundle on each side; after which he was again tied in the shade, and the two boys set off briskly in search of the cavern.

Not far from the pine grove a ravine cut deep into the mountain side. Higher up it divided into several gullies that spread out like the fingers of a hand. Through these water poured down in winter, filling the ravine with a roaring torrent, that raced across the valley below, and plunged madly into the ocean. In summer, numerous little springs sent their cool streams into the ravine, and water trickled down its rocky

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sides. The river then became a rivulet. Now that the afternoon sun was upon it, like a golden serpent the brook writhed across the plain to the sea, its waves shining in the light like scales.

High up the ravine Anastasi pointed to a cavern in one of its steep sides. Only the mouth was visible and this was curtained by overhanging fern.

"There it is," said he, immediately beginning the ascent of the rocky wall. Kotsas was greatly excited.

"Come down, my brother, come down!" he cried. "Have you lost your senses?"

Anastasi was but half way up. He looked like a sprawling bas-relief, or a grotesque figure in a frieze. He was bending forward, seizing a bush with both his hands. One foot rested firmly upon a projection, and the other was reaching out in search of a new hold, higher up, giving him the attitude of a runner. The ascent of the wall looked more difficult than it actually was,

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for Anastasi did not go up in a straight line. He had laid out a route of bushes and footholds that ran obliquely off to the right and back again to the mouth of the cavern. In a very short time he was standing below the opening, his toes in a convenient hole. He parted the ferns, bent far in, evidently for the purpose of getting a good grip on something, and then scrambled out of sight.

"Come back, Anastasi, come back!" shouted Kotsas.

A serious face divided the curtain of ferns, and peeped through.

"Do you think," said its possessor, "that St. Anthony ever had a better cave than this?"

"What's in it?" asked Kotsas.

"Oh, a big room, and a little one off from it. In the big room I shall fight the devils, and if at any time they get too many for me, I shall go into the little room and pray. I shall hang a cross over the entrance

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to the little room, so that they can't come in."

Anastasi was now sitting in the entrance of the cave, with his feet hanging over.

"What'll you live on?"

"St. Anthony's helper brought him bread every other day. You shall do the same for me. Then, when I need strength, I shall find crabs in the brook, and shall roast them on the sand."

"Roast crabs are pretty good eating," observed Kotsas, smacking his lips.

Anastasi did not deign to notice this last remark. He had already commenced the descent, which was much more difficult than the going up. On the way home, the priest's son more fully outlined his plans, and gave his final directions. The precious book had been left concealed in the ravine, as the time of Anastasi's sanctification was near at hand.

"When St. Anthony went into the wilderness," said he, "he gave all that

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he possessed unto the poor. He was rich, but I have nothing except my pet kid. Still, the principle is the same. Who is the poorest person in town, Kotsas?"

Kotsas thought over the matter long and carefully. Nobody in the little community was rich, yet every soul had shelter, food, and clothing, a state of affairs which is almost universal in the provinces of Greece.

After much discussion, old Nestor Tom-basi was fixed upon to be the recipient of the kid. He was ninety years of age, bald as a melon, and wrinkled like a country cheese. The last member of his family had died twenty years ago, and for fifteen at least he had sat day after day in front of a little coffee-house facing the square. He had been seized with delirium tremens several times, and his hand shook so that he could no longer lift a drinking cup to his lips. When he ordered resin wine, which was of frequent occurrence, a boy

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always turned the beverage down the old man's throat. His teeth were still white and strong, and the shaking of his head caused the tumbler to rattle against them as he drank.

The popular fallacy that age brings wisdom prevails in Damala as elsewhere, and Nestor's utterances were listened to with great respect. His name should have been Thersites, for he had a bitter tongue, and delighted in comparing the present generation with the youth of his own day, much to the former's disadvantage. When on this subject words often failed him, and he would sit for half an hour snorting contemptuously.

"I don't know that he's so very poor," said Kotsas; "he drinks more wine than any two other men in the village, and he always seems to pay for it."

"That's so," argued Anastasi, "but he may have only a little money after all. Besides, he is the oldest man in Damala.

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If he should become destitute, he's too old to work. I must give my kid to somebody. No saint ever commenced without giving all he had unto the poor. That was the first thing St. Anthony did."

"Won't your mother worry about you?" asked Kotsas.

"I suppose so. But it'll be no worse for my mother than it was for St. Anthony's sister. The devil worried him terribly about his sister, especially when he was giving all his property to the poor. But a saint can't trouble about such things. He must go right on fighting the devil, and let the Lord take care of his relatives."

"How wise and good you are," said Kotsas, taking a bite of bread.

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II.

TWO days later Anastasi departed quietly for the cave, taking a loaf of bread under his arm. With the exception of the faithful Kotsas, he had informed no one of his intention, although he had somewhat mystified the family on the morning of his departure by an extraordinary outburst of affection.

Anastasi's mother was a woman of magnificent physique. She wore next to her body a garment that was a combination of chemise in its upper portion and of narrow skirt below. The chemise part was generally unbuttoned, partially exposing an expansive bosom of snowy whiteness, contrasting strangely with the brownness of her wrinkled, masculine face. Over this garment came a long, sleeveless coat of white homespun, coarsely embroidered

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about the edges. The papadia (priest's wife) wore a handkerchief tied over her ears, and when she did not go barefoot, she thrust her toes into slippers that were cut down even with the sole back of the instep. These were so convenient that she could step into them without pausing when they lay in her path, and the slightest kick served to remove them.

"I wonder where Anastasi is?" said the priest, looking wistfully at the dinner table, the noon of the boy's departure.

The board had been spread out of doors, in the shade of the house, and a particularly tempting repast was about to be brought on: goat's head, wild greens, home-made bread, resin wine, figs from the tree — does the king fare better? If he does, let us wish him a good appetite and a careless heart. Little Perikles was sent to call his brother, but soon returned announcing that he had sought for him through the whole world in vain.

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"Let's not wait, my papadia," said the priest, pettishly, for a roguish wind had flirted in his face a whiff from the kettle.

"Who knows where the boy is? Put him aside a portion and let him eat his dinner cold."

"Perhaps he has come to some harm," suggested the anxious mother. "He may have fallen down a rock and broken his leg. He may have gone down to the sea with that fat little Kotsas and got drowned —"

"Poh! poh! poh! my papadia. The Holy Virgin will look after him. Besides, it's not time to begin worrying yet. Bring on the head."

"We have never eaten without him before," said the priest's wife, setting the grinning head on the table, "except that time when he took a donkey load of figs and four dozen eggs to Poros for me and the demarch's wife, to sell to the Russian steamboats. Then he didn't come back because his change was short one and one-

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half cents, and it took him all day to find the man he sold the things to."

By way of saying grace, the priest devoutly crossed himself and the rest of the family followed his example.

"He has a brain," said the good man, spearing a goat eye with his fork and conveying the delicate morsel to his mouth, "and can take care of himself, wherever he is. Here, papadia, take this and cheer up," offering her the other eye. This was an unusual gallantry, for the two choicest morsels belonged by tacit consent of all to the head of the house. The good wife brightened up in spite of herself, and for the moment forgot her forebodings.

"What a fortunate thing it is—" observed Papa Evangelos, smacking his lips to get the full benefit of the tidbit before commencing on the coarser food — "what a fortunate thing it is that a goat has two eyes! In this very circumstance can the devout mind see evidences of Divine Provi-

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dence. A goat could have seen quite well with one eye, but the Creator has given him two, in order that we may have two of these dainty morsels with our dinner instead of one."

It will be observed that the good papa was a theologian of no mean rank, as well as a deep philosopher.

"If that's why a goat has two eyes, why didn't the Lord give him half a dozen while he was about it?" asked little Perikles. "Then maybe I'd get one once in awhile."

"Silence, sir!" thundered his father. "You are too young to understand theology."

While taking his black coffee, the priest once or twice spoke of Anastasi, but he had no sooner lighted his cigarette than all care vanished from his mind. Seen through its bluish-gray smoke, the world became fantastic, confused. As the soothing weed gradually overcame him, human sounds died out of his consciousness until he heard

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only the golden choir of wasps and honeybees, and the harping cicadas, harping far away. With a sigh he threw himself upon the stone bench, and the kitten, which was rolling a bone under the table, ran to play with his swaying robes.

"Perikles! Perikles!" called the papadia, softly, "go and see if you can find anything of your brother. That's a dear."

"But where will I look, mother? I have hunted through the whole world now."

"Run over and see that little imp Kotsas. If Anastasi is up to any mischief, Kotsas will know of it."

In a few minutes Perikles returned.

"Well?" said his mother.

"Kotsas wouldn't tell me anything. I think he knows something, though. He looked mighty knowing."

"Where was old Karoyanni?"

"I didn't see him; but I heard him snoring up on the balcony."

The papadia sighed. Kuria Karoyanni

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did not have much control over her son. The demarch could make him talk quickly enough; but there was no hope of seeing the old gentleman earlier than four. On no pretext must a person be wakened in Greece during his siesta. He must be considered as having ceased to exist for the time being. Nevertheless the papadia dropped her dish-cloth and ran over to the demarch's house. As she expected, she found Mrs. Karoyanni still busy with her dishes.

"Oh, Marigo!" cried the priest's wife, breathlessly. "What do you think, my Anastasi did not come home to dinner, and I am afraid something dreadful has happened to him? Do call Kotsas and let's ask him where Anastasi is. Those boys are such friends. They know all about each other."

"Kotsas! Kotsas! Durs n't call him very loud for fear of waking his father. My Kotsas! Where is that wretch? Wait till

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I get hold of him. I'll pull up his ears by the roots — dear little Kotsas!”

Kotsas was found on the further side of the house, fast asleep in the shade. His mother seized him by the ear and gave a vigorous yank. Had not the ear been previously toughened by much yanking, it would no doubt have torn loose. Many Greek mothers are ignorant of the physiological use of the external portion of the ear, and suppose it designed by a wise Providence as a thing to be yanked.

Kotsas started to his feet with a howl of pain; but seeing that he had only his mother to deal with, he retreated to a safe distance.

“Why didn't you answer me, you villain? Where's Anastasi? Come, speak up now, or I'll hit you a bat that'll make the priest look like a spinning-whorl to you.”

Kotsas edged a little further away.

“Do you know where Anastasi is?”

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asked the papadia. "Come, now, that's a good fellow. The next honey-cakes I bake, you shall help us eat them."

Kotsas looked greedy, but there is honor among boys, as among thieves. He did not think, without his friend's consent, that he ought to reveal the locality of the cave.

"Anastasi has gone to be a saint," said he.

"Gone to be a saint!" cried both women.

"Hear the boy!" exclaimed one.

"Have you gone crazy?" asked the other.

"No, indeed; he has gone off like St. Anthony to live in the wilderness and to fight with lions, elephants, bulls, and devils."

"Holy Mother!" screamed the papadia. "But where? Where?"

"I — don't — know," stammered Kotsas.

"I'll make you know, you rogue!" shrieked his mother, picking up a stick and making a lunge for the boy. Kotsas

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took to his heels. The last thing he heard was his mother's voice, crying, "Wait till your father wakes up! He'll feed you wood! He'll give you forty blows, less one!"

"Can't we wake up his honor now?" suggested the papadia.

"Holy Mother, it would be as much as my life is worth. He wouldn't wake up now to save Kotsas from drowning."

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III.

KOTSAS went immediately in search of the kid.

"I'd better get it to old Nestor before my father wakes up," he said, "or he'll put a stop to the whole business."

The animal, which was as confiding as a child, recognized its master's friend and followed him, bleating and shaking its stumpy tail.

By the time Kotsas arrived in the square, Nestor had sought his accustomed place, and was just in the act of taking his first afternoon drink. Kotsas, before he turned the corner of the house, could hear the old man's teeth ringing against the glass like ice in a pitcher.

"I have brought you this kid," said the boy; "it belonged to Anastasi, and he told me to give it to you."

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The old man raised his shaking head and gave vent to a sharp interrogative "Eh?" Kotsas felt his courage oozing out of his toes, but he put on a bold front.

"Here's Anastasi's kid, which he said I was to give to you."

"What monkey shine is this?" asked Nestor, irascibly. "Don't you come any of your tricks on me, you little bladder-of-lard! I'll tell your father of you, and the demarch will have to order his own son thrashed. Have you no shame, to insult gray hairs?"

As the patriarch had gradually raised his voice to a shrill scream, ten or twelve people immediately ran to the spot, crying breathlessly, all together: "What is it?" "What's running?" "What's in the wind?" So peaceful is life in the Greek villages that the least excitement calls together a crowd instantly. At such times men, women, and children appear as if by magic, their very souls sitting in their eyes and gazing.

Father Anthony

When there is the slightest thing to be heard or seen, spectators spring from the ground like warriors from dragon's teeth. Kotsas stood in the middle of the throng, trembling, holding the kid by one long silken ear. He looked about for sympathy or assistance, but saw nothing except devouring curiosity.

"Anastasi's gone to be a saint," he blubbered, "and he wanted to divide his earthly goods among the poor. He ain't got nothing but this kid, and we decided to give it to old Nestor, 'cause he's the poorest man in the village."

This announcement affected the spectators variously. Several touched their heads significantly, others shouted with laughter, but the greater portion continued to stare, because they had not understood. But something genuinely exciting now happened. Old Nestor had comprehended perfectly the last part of the explanation. His face turned so purple that he seemed

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about to expire of apoplexy. With considerable difficulty he rose to his feet; then, swinging his long cane in the air, he brought it down upon the shoulders of poor Kotsas with a resounding thwack. He trembled so with palsy and rage that the stick descended zigzag, like jagged lightning flashes.

“I’m the poorest man (whack) in town, am I (whack)? You villain (whack)! You scum (whack)!” But the boy by this time had broken through the ring of spectators, and taken to his heels, yelling vigorously.

Nestor seized the cane in his left hand, and, raising his right, suddenly opened it, the fingers spread, the palm turned toward the flying boy. Several times he drew the hand back and thrust it forward again, saying, “Nah! nah!” with great impressiveness. Then he sat down again.

“The devil take his father!” he gasped. “The devil take his grandfather! Bring

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me some wine, quick! The poorest man in Damala, eh? The devil take his whole family!" Never before had his teeth so rattled against the wine-glass, and he did not cease snorting for an hour.

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IV.

KOTSAS hurried straight to the amateur hermit's cave.

Some blackened olive brands still smoking on the sands, together with the remains of a roasted crab, showed him that Anastasi had been dining.

"Anastasi! Anastasi!" he called repeatedly, but not till he had nearly shouted himself hoarse, and had whistled shrilly through his fingers several times, did he succeed in arousing his friend.

"What do you want?" asked a voice from the depths of the cave.

"Come out here till I talk to you. I've something important to say. There's been a terrible row since you went away. I'm in a pretty kettle of fish through this foolishness of yours."

"Who are you?"

Father Anthony

“Oh, brother, you know who I am well enough. I’m Kotsas, and I want to talk to you.”

The mayor’s son waited some time in silence, but to his surprise there was no response from the cave.

“Anastasi! Anastasi! are you coming down?”

A deep voice issued from above: “‘Get thee behind me, Satan.’ I suspect that thou art the devil come in the form of my friend Kotsas to tempt me. He was to come tomorrow with the bread.”

“In the name of heaven, Anastasi, come out and look. I ain’t the devil. I’m Kotsas, and I must get back soon or my father’ll break every bone in my body. They’re going to look for you and bring you home, and he’ll thrash me till I tell them where you are.”

A thin, handsome face pushed through the curtain of ferns, and two brown eyes looked cautiously down.

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"I'll talk with you from here," said Anastasi. "The devil is very cunning, and I must keep on my guard."

"I tell you I ain't no devil. Look here, now, you'll have to get somebody else to help you in this saint business. You eat roast crabs and I eat wood. When I offered your kid to old Nestor, because he was the poorest man in Damala, he came to life and nearly murdered me. You're doing more harm than good. I had to lie to my mother and say I didn't know where you were, and when father sees me he'll kill me if I don't show him where you are. The whole village'll be out here."

"You must n't tell where I am at present, Kotsas; when the village gets ready to come and do me honor, then will be time enough for them to know."

"Father'll thrash me till I do tell."

"But that won't hurt your soul, Kotsas. A true saint fears only things that hurt his soul."

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"But I ain't no saint. Besides, you never was licked by my father. He could make old St. Anthony himself holler."

Anastasi thought very fast. He did not wish to be taken back immediately to the village and made a butt of ridicule. The longer he stayed out in the wilderness the more importance would his adventure assume. He was fully determined to become a saint, and he must show right from the start that he was in earnest. If Kotsas went back now, in less than two hours the village would be at the cave, and he would not be allowed to remain a single night in the wilderness. His first impulse was to say to Kotsas: "If you tell where I am before tomorrow I'll thrash you twice as hard as your father does." But he immediately dismissed the thought as unworthy a saint. Then there flashed through his head words that he had heard his father quote from the Evangelists: "Be ye as wise as serpents but harmless as doves." He could not remem-

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ber exactly where they occurred, nor under what conditions they were said, but he was sure the words were intended as a sort of general direction for the conduct of saints. Immediately his plan was formed.

“Kotsas!” he called. “My Kotsas, would n’t you like to see the inside of the cave?”

“Yes,” replied the mayor’s son, eagerly. “But I can’t climb up; I’m too fat.”

“I’ll fix that. I’ve got an easy way to come up.”

“How about coming down?”

“It’s just as easy. Wait till I show you.”

“Honest?”

“Honest. A saint can speak no lies.”

With that Anastasi let fall from the cave a long grape-vine, one end of which was fastened about a rocky projection within.

“There,” he said; “you just dig your toes into the rough places and come up the vine hand over hand. You can slide down

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when you want to leave. God did n't give us brains for nothing."

Kotsas could do that. It is a poor specimen of a boy who cannot climb a rope, especially when there is a mysterious cave at the other end. In a very few seconds he had clambered through the fern curtain, and stood puffing by Anastasi's side.

"Holy Mother, but it's a wonderful place!" he exclaimed.

"This cavern will be famous one day as the dwelling place of Saint Anastasi," said the priest's son; "and you, Kotsas, will be proud to say that you have been in it with me."

"Hello, what's that?" cried Kotsas. He had heard a sound as though something had slid down the wall of the ravine and dropped on the sand below.

"I let the vine go," explained Anastasi. "You must stay here until I get ready to let you go."

In vain Kotsas begged and prayed and

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wept. He hung out of the cavern's mouth and tried to crawl down, but his legs were too short to reach the first hole, and he lacked courage. He threatened to jump out and break his bones, but all to no avail. Finally he sat down in the corner, took his chunk of bread from his bosom, and, weeping silently, ate. Thus he fell asleep.

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V.

WHILE Kotsas slept came Anastasi's first temptation. At the other side of the ravine, though at a considerable distance lower down the mountain, there were a number of large vineyards. In the center of each of these, or in a commanding position, was the brush cabin of the watcher—four piles set at the corner of a square, and thatched with prunings from the vines. These primitive houses really have two stories. During the day the occupants sit on the grass in the shadow of the thatch, but at night they sleep on a platform several feet from the ground. Often the watchers have their wives and children with them, and the families pass two or three months very pleasantly in the fields. Now it so happened that the watchers who dwelt near Anastasi's cave were

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in the habit of coming to the ravine for water, which, being cold and pure, was prized for miles around.

He had taken up the "Lives of the Saints" again, and sitting near the mouth of the cave, was reading with great interest that passage which describes St. Anthony's frequent temptations by the devil in the form of a woman. By a strange coincidence, at that very moment he heard feminine voices in laughter and conversation. He dropped the book.

"Can it be?" he thought. "This was almost the first of Anthony's temptations. Is the devil to begin on me so soon in the same way? If so, I'll show him that he has come after the wrong man."

He parted the curtain and peered cautiously forth.

"Pah!" he muttered; "it's only two gardener's wives coming after water."

What he saw, indeed, was two rather slovenly looking women, one young, the

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other about forty years of age. The elder was fat, the other was about to become a mother. Both wore embroidered yellow handkerchiefs over their heads, and carried on their shoulders huge earthen jugs, of the same shape which the woman of Samaria took to the well. They filled their jugs in the deep, cool basin just below Anastasi's eyrie, chatting of simple matters, like children. The saint took up his book in disgust and tried to read. Then he laid it down again.

"How hard it is," he said, "to find a place free from the chatter of women. They are like flies, they buzz in every niche of the world."

The two intruders laved their faces in the limpid pool, and drank deeply of it. They took off their heavy shoes, bathed their feet, and paddled their legs in it, occasionally uttering little screams of delight.

"Elène, can you swim?" asked the younger.

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"I used to, when I was a girl. I've forgotten now. Can you?"

"Me, in my condition! Are you crazy? But I'd just like to take off my things and lie down in it. It's so delicious. I feel as if I should be cool for a week."

"Let's do it," said Eléne.

Anastasi gasped with astonishment and perplexity. He retired farther back into his den and closed his eyes. The women were strangers. He did not know them. They were ignorant of the existence of the cave. He might look, and no one would be the wiser. At that moment he heard a splashing in the water, shrill screams, and laughter.

"Is it cold, my Katina?"

"Like ice."

He crawled forward, and in doing so his hand hit the "Lives of the Saints." It was open at the passage which he had just been reading, and the big type, so familiar to him, was legible even in the dim light:

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“And the devil often visited St. Anthony in the form of a woman, and tempted him.”

It all came over Anastasi like a flash.

“They *are* devils,” he gasped. Rising upon his knees, he threw his arms in the air and shouted: “I know you, devils that you are! Think not to prevail over me. As St. Anthony defied you in Egypt, so do I defy you in Greece. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I command you to be gone. Get thee behind me, Satan. Avaunt!”

Loud and prolonged screams and much floundering followed this strange abjuration.

“They fly! They fly!” yelled Anastasi, and in an exaltation of excitement he poured forth the catechism, all the prayers he knew, and a page or two from the “Life of St. Anthony,” crossing himself rapidly all the time.

“Holy Mother!” gasped Kotsas, crawl-

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ing out from his corner; "Where am I? What's the matter? Has all Damala come after us?"

"Devils—two devils!" explained Anastasi, out of breath; "but I conquered them and drove them away. They are gone. They are vanished. They have become invisible."

"Are you sure?" asked Kotsas. Long and cautiously he peeped from the cave. All that he saw was a yellow handkerchief lying on the sand.

"In what form did they come?"

"As they came to St. Anthony, only there were two of them. Two beautiful women. They went in bathing in the pool."

Kotsas sprang to his feet and danced about in great excitement.

"Let me down! Let me down, quick!" he cried. "They were nereids. One of them left her veil on the sand. I can get it, and she will be my slave for life. If not,

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they'll come back, and who knows what harm they may do us?"

Anastasi looked. The belief in nereids is widely spread in Greece, and the superstition of the veil is universal among the people. He was almost persuaded to go down, but a second thought saved him: What did he, a saint, want of a nereid?

"This, too, is a bait of the devil," said he.

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VI.

THE afternoon wore slowly away. At first Kotsas renewed his pleadings to be set free, but finding his captor inexorable, he divided the time between sleeping and wondering what punishment the demarch would mete out to him. The place was very conducive to sleep. The cave was cool and dim, and the waters ran over the rocks below with a ceaseless, gurgling sound. Anastasi found himself yielding to the influence. From time to time the letters on the page which he was reading grew enormously big; then they all ran together, as though they had been melted. At such moments he pinched himself, pulled his hair, and knocked his head with doubled fist. To gain greater strength he turned to the passage which described St. Anthony's watchfulness.

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“In watchfulness,” he read, “he was most wonderful, since he watched all the night; not only one night, but—” Here the letters became blurred, and Anastasi began again: “In watchfulness he was most wonderful, since he watched all the night; not only—” He did not get so far as before. He pinched himself and made a desperate effort to open wide his eyes. The lids would not rise of their own accord. It was only by wrinkling his forehead lengthwise, desperately, that he succeeded in getting them up at all. “In watchfulness he was most won—won—”

When Anastasi awoke it was quite dark in the cave, and Kotsas was calling him.

“Oh, Anastasi, in heaven’s name, wake up! It’s dark, and I’m afraid. I dursn’t go home now alone. There’s vampires and nereids around here, I know there is. Come home with me, Anastasi; that’s a good fellow. You won’t keep me out here all night, will you? My father’ll go crazy. He’ll

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think I'm dead or something. Holy Mother! he'll be so glad to see me again, that he'll break every bone in my body."

"Peace, peace," said Anastasi. "You're not worthy to be a saint's friend. I wish I'd never told you of my plan."

"So do I. I don't want to be a saint's friend. I don't want any dealings with saints, in any way, shape, or manner. Besides, I'm hungry. Have you got anything to eat?"

"There's only a little bread left, my brother. But you will be proud one day to say that the Saint of Damala shared his crust with you."

"I'd rather have it said that I ate roast lamb with the biggest scoundrel in town. I tell you, I'm sick of this saint business. I want to go home; the quicker I go home, the less wood I'll eat."

After this outburst, which was really a remarkable effort on the part of Kotsas, there was a long period of comparative

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silence in the cave. The demarch's son sat on the floor, his back against the wall, his hands clasped over his knees. When he thought of his father's probable anger, he moaned feebly; when he reflected on Anastasi's treachery, he sniffed with indignation.

The latter was on the watch for some manifestation of the evil one. If only he might be vouchsafed a grand conflict with the powers of darkness, the victory which he was sure of gaining, would establish his reputation as a saint of the first rank, and would set him right in the eyes of the world. That he should be victorious, he had not the least doubt. St. Anthony always triumphed.

"In reading any of his conflicts," thought Anastasi, "you know how it's coming out before you begin."

So saturated was Anastasi with the life and teachings of his great model that he had not the least fear. Knowing that the

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devil is most powerless over those whom he finds in the attitude of prayer, he remained kneeling, eyes and ears strained to the utmost, ready to catch the first warning of the arch enemy's approach. Thus he drifted into a sort of listening ecstasy.

The moon was full that night — the glorious moon, nowhere so wonderful as in the deep skies of Greece. Slowly she sailed through the heavens, smiling regretfully upon the land that worships her no more. Rugged mountain buttresses, white nestling villages, pine-covered peaks glimmered ghostly yet distinct in her rays.

Whenever the light leaped over an island, and fell upon the space beyond, the dreaming sea laughed in its sleep. Gloomy hollows were poured full of glory whenever the moon passed above them.

While the ravine was yet dark, Anastasi heard confused sounds below him; grunting, snorting, and loud splashing in the water.

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"Here they come!" he exclaimed; "Kotsas! Kotsas! Kotsas! you shall now see my great victory. How fortunate that I have you here as a witness!"

But Kotsas, forgetting his troubles for the time being, had again fallen asleep.

"Wake up! Wake up!" shouted Anastasi, shaking his companion vigorously; "you must be a witness to my great battle."

"What is it? What in heaven's name is the matter now?" demanded Kotsas.

"Why, the devil has come, and has brought with him his lions, his bulls, and his rhinoceroses. You must wake up and hear me defy them."

Kotsas listened. "Holy Mother!" he said, "it's the nereids. I shall never get out of this place alive."

Anastasi crawled to the mouth of the cave, and looked down into the ravine, still kneeling. Shadowy forms were dimly visible, scrambling over the rocks and floundering in the pool.

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"I know you!" cried Anastasi, "but you can neither tempt nor frighten me. Come in any form you will, bulls, boars, or tigers, I defy you in the name of the Lord."

Just then the moon, which was sailing along above the mountain-ridge, looked curiously down into the ravine. Instantly its craggy sides leaped out of the darkness. The light glanced from one pool to another down the long chasm, and the rivulet gleamed like a silver thread unwound in a labyrinth. Kotsas, finding curiosity more potent than fear, had come forward, and was peering over Anastasi's shoulder.

"Thank heaven, they're pigs!" he gasped.

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VII.

SOON voices were heard in the distance—shouting and the murmur of excited talk. A throng of people, twenty or more in number, came up the ravine and stopped at the pool. One had a lantern and others carried burning brands of pine. The two women from the vineyard were leading the way.

“This was the spot,” said Eléne.

“No, it was higher up,” said Katina.

“The two beautiful devils!” whispered Anastasi.

Here commenced a voluble discussion. Several members of the party told the women they were frauds, and instantly all commenced gesticulating and shouting at the tops of their voices. While the hubbub was at its height, a boy found the yellow handkerchief, and by dancing among the

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throng while he waved it in the air, succeeded in attracting attention.

Eléne seized it.

“Behold!” she exclaimed triumphantly, “this is my handkerchief. Perhaps you’ll all contradict me again. Right here we were in bathing, and right out of the rock above our heads came the voice. It was very fierce and terrible, like the growl of a lion, or I don’t know what dreadful foreign beast. ‘You are devils! You are devils!’ it cried. I tell you, my heart stopped beating, and my hair rose like a frightened cat’s tail. I grabbed my clothes and ran down the ravine, as though a Turk were after me. Three times I fell and rolled into the water. But, poof! I was up and off again. I never thought of Katina, but when I stopped, there she was, close behind.”

The boy who had found the veil here gave vent to a howl of juvenile mirth, and danced about upon the sands, screaming like an imp. The picture called up by



The torches were raised on high

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Eléne's description was too much for him. He held his sides to keep himself from bursting, and his cachinnations filled the whole ravine.

"Silence, you Meteso!" cried a stern voice, and a sharp slap followed, changing the laughter into instant grief.

"Holy Mother! that's my father," groaned Kotsas. "Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do? He'll skin me like a herring!"

The torches were raised on high, and the searching party scanned both sides of the ravine carefully.

"This is a curious thing," said one

"It's a miracle," said another.

"There's a cavern along here somewhere," declared a shepherd, "but I've forgotten now where it is. Besides, it's an uncanny place. We shepherds call it the 'Cave of the Nymphs.'"

"Perhaps the voice came down from on top," suggested one, bending his head back

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and making out with difficulty the two lines where, at the top of the cut, the blackness of the ravine melted into the silver moonlight. The moon had passed on, and a long belt of sky, bejeweled with stars, bended far above.

“Impossible!” declared Katina and Eléne, together. “The voice came from right here, just over our heads. It was close by.”

“Silence, Christians!” said the demarch, in a commanding voice; “if we find the authors of this prank, we shall find my son Kotsas, and Anastasi, the priest’s son, will not be far off.” Then, raising his voice, he shouted: “Kotsas! You Kotsas!”

“Here!” came a frightened response. The presence of his father set Kotsas trembling as with the ague, and when he heard his name called, he answered, as it were, automatically. The party raised their torches, and gazed at the spot from which the voice came. It seemed as though the rocky wall itself were talking.

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"Here I am, father; here I am! Anastasi has got me up here and I can't get down. Don't whip me, father. Anastasi's a saint. But I ain't a saint. Please let me off this time, my father. I don't want to be a saint; I swear I don't."

"Holy Virgin! Where's the boy?" chorused half a dozen voices.

"He's crazy, wherever he is," declared an old man.

"I'll make him sane soon enough, when I get hold of him," observed the demarch.

"Holy Mother!" gasped Kotsas.

"Anastasi Kriezes!" shouted the papadia, holding her torch high above her head, "I command you to show yourself. Your boyish prank has caused quite enough trouble already. The sooner you come out the better it will be for you."

"Yes, Anastasi, my boy," said the good old priest, in a pleading voice, "do come home. Your mother and I have worried about you terribly."

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Anastasi parted the ferns, and stood in the mouth of the cave. He was leaning against the rock, with one hand above his head. The other he extended in a persuasive gesture.

"Brothers and sisters," he began, "I regret greatly the annoyance that I have caused you; but I am glad that you are all present to hear what I have to say. As you well know, my father is priest of Damala, as was his father before him, and I have been educated to fill the same place in my turn. But it has been revealed to me that I am to be something greater than a mere priest."

"Oh, you'll be better than your father, will you?" interrupted his mother, sneeringly. "Oh, that you should ever stand before me and say it! A bad year to you! Your father, who for thirty years has been loved and respected by the citizens of Damala! You'll be better than he, will you? You rogue! You villain! Come down

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from there immediately. I'll straighten you out."

"Now, papadia, my papadia, don't get excited," pleaded the good priest. "Little Anastasi will come right down, won't you, Anastasi? And then we'll hear what he has to say. He will no doubt explain everything."

"We'll hear him howl; that's what we'll hear," declared the papadia, pulling up her sleeves.

By the light of the flickering torches, Father Evangelos, in his long, black robes, looked like a sacred inquisitor. When he raised his arms in entreaty or deprecation, the ample sleeves spread out like the wings of some great nocturnal bird. You would have wondered, had you seen him, why he did not give one or two flaps, and light in the cave door.

Yet Father Evangelos was a sweet and gentle soul.

"And what," queried the demarch, "are

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you going to do so much better than your honest father here?"

"I'm going to be a saint," replied Anastasi. The reiteration of this strange statement, first by one boy and then by the other, perplexed the villagers not a little.

"Holy Mother! They have both gone crazy," exclaimed several.

"Some one has cast the evil eye upon them," said a young woman.

"I know an excellent incantation for evil eye," eagerly cried an old hag, who had followed the party. Though nearly ninety years of age, and crooked as the stem of a gourd, she was as agile as a cat. Hungry time had picked clean her bones, and so light was she that she floated about the hills like a thistle down, collecting potent herbs; and, according to some, holding commune with the spirits of the wilderness. It was even whispered that she knew how to find the cave of the

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three fates, and that she was on calling terms with the Dreadful Sisters.

As she raised her face now to talk, her nose and chin bobbed back and forth at each other like the features of those fist silhouettes which children make on the wall.

"Come down, my eyes!" she began in a whining, sing-song voice; "come down, my lives. Sophia will cure your poor heads of the crooked idea. Just a little herb from the mountain, a few powerful words, a little spittle; Sophia won't hurt you; my eyes, my —"

"I tell you I don't want to be a saint, and I ain't crazy!" roared Kotsas, blubbering between the words.

"Then why don't you come down, you great calf?" demanded his father.

"I can't come down. I climbed up on a grape-vine, and Anastasi threw it down."

"Christian brothers, let me finish," continued Anastasi. "It is as Kotsas says. I

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am to blame for everything. In the 'Life of St. Anthony,'"—here he picked up the book and waved it solemnly—"I read how that great man left his family and friends, and went to live in a cavern. There he was tempted by the devil in many forms, especially as a woman. I am going to be a saint, like Anthony the Great. This very night the devil came to me in the shape of two beautiful women and bathed in the pool."

"Two beautiful women! Why, that was us!" exclaimed Katina.

"The poor, dear boy!" chimed in Eléne. "Don't be hard on him, Kuria papadia; he means for the best."

"Then," continued Anastasi, "he came to frighten me in the shape of wild animals, but I defied him. If you had not come, who knows what form he would have taken next?"

"What does the fool mean?" asked the papadia.

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"My love, my love," interposed the priest, "there is some reason for the boy's delusion. He has seen Farmer Leusi's animals. They were sleeping under the trees, and when they saw our torches they took fright and ran up the ravine."

"Let it be so," cried Anastasi, with a wave of the hand. "I have decided to be a saint, and a saint I will be. Throw up the grape-vine. I'll hold it till Kotsas climbs down; then you can all go home, and leave me in the wilderness. God bless you all!"

The papadia grabbed the grape-vine and threw it up. After several unsuccessful attempts Anastasi succeeded in catching the end, which he twisted around the projection of rock. To his surprise, his mother instantly started up the vine, hand over hand. The lady had been a shepherdess in her youth. She was somewhat heavier now than when, in her early days, she had bounded like a spotted fawn among the

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rocks, and followed her kids up the wall-like precipices; but even now she was by no means corpulent, and her arms were as strong as a blacksmith's. Ere the spectators had recovered from their first astonishment, she had disappeared within the cave.

Immediately afterward Kotsas slid down, his chubby legs kicking in the air as he sought vainly to catch his toes into the rock. He was caught at the bottom in the strong arms of his father, and began to howl before he had received a blow. The worthy demarch did not leave him long without cause for grief.

Anastasi followed soon after. He had been accustomed from earliest infancy to regard his mother as the absolute ruler of his father's household, and as a person who could not be disobeyed with impunity. Finding himself suddenly face to face with her, he felt that resistance was useless, and immediately prepared to leave the cave. He did not escape, however, before he had re-

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ceived two ringing boxes on the ear, plainly audible to those below.

The good old priest, overjoyed at seeing his son again, darted forward with open arms to press him to his bosom. Anastasi, mistaking the action, dashed up the ravine and was lost to view.

The papadia did not descend from the cavern as uneventfully as she had gone up. Ere her feet touched the sand, the vine broke and she fell upon her back in the pool of water.

"The devil take the boy, I say!" she shouted, scrambling to her feet. "The devil take him! Nah! nah! nah!"

At each "nah" she opened her fists and thrust her palm in the direction whither Anastasi had disappeared.

"My papadia, my papadia!" pleaded Father Evangelos, "don't curse our boy."

For answer, the lady also fetched the priest a ringing slap beside the head, and started for home.

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“Never again,” said she, “shall that wretch darken my door! Never again! I’ve suffered enough from him this night to last a lifetime.”

“My papadia seems to be somewhat excited,” explained the priest, picking up his tall hat and dusting it with his sleeve.

Father Anthony

VIII.

ANASTASI was neither tempted nor tried further that night. He, therefore, had plenty of time for reflection, and the more he thought of the matter, the more fixed became his determination not to return home. "The first thing a genuine saint does," said he to himself, "is to cut loose from his family. For a long time the devil kept St. Anthony worrying as to whether his sister was starving or not. That was one of the good man's severest trials, but he finally succeeded in putting his sister out of his mind entirely. I must forget my family right from the start."

Thus he reasoned, not even admitting to himself that fear of ridicule and of his mother's anger were now influencing him quite as strongly as was his determination to become a saint.

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“Perhaps I can find something in St. Anthony’s life to guide me now. Holy Mother! I’ve left the book in the cave. What shall I do if it is not there?” Anastasi returned to the cave and found the locality deserted. He repossessed himself of the precious book, and waited patiently for the dawn. For a long time he heard nothing but the trickling of the water in the bed of the ravine. Toward morning a little breeze sprang up out of the east, and whispered to the pines that day was coming. Later, a church bell chimed sweetly in the faint, clear distance. Then Anastasi knew that the morning star was keeping watch alone in the sky, and that there was a flush of orange low down in the east. He was so eager to consult his great authority that he could not wait until the light of the cave should be sufficient for reading, so he set out with the book under his arm. When he reached the mouth of the ravine, the sun was stand-

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ing on the sea's edge, looking at the world. Anastasi sat down under an olive tree, and began to read eagerly.

"Yes," he said, "I have followed his example faithfully so far. I have given all I had to the poor; or, at least, tried to do so. I have left my family. I wonder what Perikles is doing now, and where my goat is?" Here his eye fell again upon the open page.

"And he lived as a hermit near his house," said the lines, "because at that time there were no monasteries in Egypt."

These words attracted Anastasi's attention: "Because there were no monasteries in Egypt," he mused. "Clearly, the meaning is, that if a monastery had existed he would have gone to it."

For half an hour or more he sat in deep meditation, and finally came to the conclusion that he would offer himself as a novice at the monastery of the "Life-giving Spring." He had never been there, but

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had once been far down the mainland to a point whence he had seen the white building shining among the pines of the distant island. He remembered well the wide stretch of sea, the verdant slope of the island, and the white walls glimmering through the green. He knew that the building was large, although it seemed so small, and that it contained cool cloisters where the monks walked and thought of the good of their souls. He had heard also that the good fathers owned vineyards, besides orange and olive orchards where they labored. He would offer to work for what little bread was necessary to sustain his life, and would surpass all the others in austerity and victories over the evil one. The monastery should be known in future years as the temporary home of St. Anastasi.

Full of this thought he set out with his book under his arm. He felt very hungry, and now the sun began to blaze with

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intolerable fierceness. If he shut his eyes for a moment to keep out the glare, a dozen or so of his mother's delicious sugar cakes, white and crisp, seemed to dance about in the momentary darkness. Strive as he would, he could not help conjuring up the vision again and again.

"They're just at breakfast, now," he thought, and a subtle aroma of coffee filled his nostrils, the ghost of a perfume. He was being sorely tempted. For a little way his path led along the edge of the brook. Frequently he laved his face and drank, lying flat upon his stomach. Then he followed a tiny aqueduct that carried a portion of the precious fluid off to a distant garden. At first his route lay through olive forests. The hillsides were dry and brown and the foliage of the trees was a dull green. Lower down, he passed through a grape field. The fruit was almost ripe, and the amber clusters gleamed among the cool leaves. The little aqueduct finally disap-

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peared under a white mud wall surrounding a garden. Deserted by his babbling guide that had accompanied him so faithfully all the way from the ravine, he followed the wall until he came to the inclosure of another garden. Between the two walls was a narrow road, and in this he continued his way.

The cicadas had again begun their monotonous rasping, awakened by the vivid sun. Every few moments he passed a gate, the entrance to a new inclosure. Here the second story of a house usually peeped over the wall, and within he could hear the well-horse going round and round, and the plashing of the cold water as it poured into the conduit and gurgled away to the reservoir. Nearly all the wheels made a regular "click," "click," "click," as they revolved, but there was one somewhere in the distance that had not been oiled, and it gave out a mellow moan, like the droning of a great bee. The sun shone very hot in the narrow

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alley. For a long distance there was nothing to relieve the eyes from the whiteness of the walls and the whiteness of the dust underfoot. Blackberry vines lined the road everywhere. With irrigation they would now have been hanging full of luscious fruit. Instead, even the leaves were shriveled up.

Now and then country people, who had been to the early market at Poros, trotted by on donkeys. They had sold their eggs, vegetables, and chickens, and were returning to their farms. None of them, so far, were from Damala, and they did not recognize Anastasi. A benevolent-looking Greek overtook and passed him. He was seated sidewise on a donkey no bigger than himself, which he whacked first on one flank and then on the other with an olive wood club. The animal kept in the same track with his fore feet, but his hind legs trotted back and forth in a zig-zag course, as he shrank away from the resounding blows.

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The man had four lambs swung over his saddle, each one tied by a hind leg, head down. The poor animals bleated faintly with pain, like moaning children, but Anastasi did not notice their sufferings. Such sights are too common in Greece to attract attention.

As the little donkey continued to weave from side to side under the blows, but made no greater progress, the benevolent lamb-merchant began to punch the animal methodically at the roots of the tail with the sharp end of his stick. He soon succeeded in working a sore place, and the result was highly creditable to his ingenuity, for at every jab the donkey accelerated his pace in a forward direction. At this moment the benevolent countryman spied a little church in the distance, and piously made the sign of the cross with his right hand, while he continued punching the sore with his left. So he disappeared.

Anastasi, being on foot, could not see the

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church on account of the garden walls, nevertheless he crossed himself.

“I had begun to grow faint from hunger and thirst,” he thought, “but that good man has reminded me that I must put my trust on high.”

As though in answer to the thought, at that very moment the wall on his left hand ended abruptly, to commence again further on. In the gap thus formed was an irrigating well. The huge wheel was supplied with earthen jars. As it revolved, those below were dipped in the water, while those above emptied themselves into a conduit that led off to the reservoir.

Fastened to the end of a pole, a blind-folded mule walked patiently around a circle. Near the well was a house, and by the open door sat an old woman spinning wool with a hand spindle. By her side slept a huge shepherd dog.

“If I do not have something to eat,” said Anastasi to himself, “I shall be too

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weak to walk to the monastery. Many of the saints have begged their bread. I will ask this good woman for a crust and a glass of water."

He approached and lifted his hat, saying: "Good day, lady. Will you have the kindness to give me a glass of water?"

"There's a gourd inside the well," replied the woman, pleasantly; "help yourself. God's water is free. Look out for the pole when the mule comes around."

Anastasi drank deep, but before he could ask for the bread, the woman began to question him.

"Where are you from, my boy?"

"From Damala."

"What's your principal name?"

"Anastasi."

"And the added name?"

"Kriezes."

"Any relative of Evangelos Kriezes, the priest of Damala?"

"I'm his son," replied Anastasi.

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"I know him well! I know him well!" cried the old woman, with animation. "He married my daughter Eiréne to young Stavros Boutsophanos, who has a farm near Damala. You should be proud of such a father. How good he is! How just! How sweet-tempered! He's a saint, that man is—an old-fashioned saint! All the world loves him; and he loves good food, too. We are killing a goat to-day. When you pass by, on your way back, you must stop and take the head home to your father, and tell him that Panagiota Kolias sends him a thousand reverences, and wishes him many years to do good in."

"I must be going, lady," said Anastasi; "I must hurry on," and lifting his hat, he went away. He was ashamed to beg bread of this woman who knew his father. "Besides," he reasoned, "she thinks my father a saint, who fattens on goats' eyes and the white-bread offerings that his congregation bring every day to the church. She

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would n't believe I was a saint if I were to tell her so. My father a saint, indeed! He's a good enough man, but who ever heard of a fat saint?"

After this episode the lane seemed interminable, and when at last Anastasi reached a great walnut tree, he paused in its pleasant shade. Here some kind soul had made a square opening in the wall, and had hollowed out a basin in the masonry. Into this trickled a stream of water for the use of thirsty men and animals. Anastasi drank again and again.

"Oh, that's refreshing!" he muttered. Peeping through the hole he could see a white house, and a forest of lemon and orange trees. The well-wheel was in motion, and the well was entirely covered by a spreading grape-vine supported on a trellis. A fat mule walked lazily around in the shade, and the leafy roof above him was frescoed with clusters of green and purple grapes. The sun shone on the surface of

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the water in the reservoir, and a school of gold-fish flashed in its pellucid depths.

"It's very nice, indeed!" said Anastasi; "but even a saint can't live on cold water. I wonder what I'll do?"

He sat down under the tree to reflect and consult his authority. He was faint and began to feel drowsy. The more he studied the bread problem, the more difficult it seemed. But even yet his faith did not desert him.

"God will not let one of his saints starve," he said, and so he fell asleep.

He was awakened by the clatter of approaching donkeys, and female voices. He opened his eyes, and immediately closed them again, pretending to sleep. For there before him, each sitting astride a little donkey, were Eléne and Katina.

"It's the two devils," thought Anastasi, "come to tempt me while I'm faint with hunger."

"It's the nice young man who said we

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were so beautiful," said Katina; "what's his name?"

"Anastasi."

"Let's wake him. Anastasi! Anastasi! How sound he sleeps, poor fellow!"

"Perhaps he's run away from home," suggested Eléne. "His mother ought not to have struck him before the whole neighborhood. I'll bet he's hungry. Let's give him some of these sweet koulouria we bought in Poros. We sold our eggs so high, our men won't know exactly how much money we had."

"Anastasi! Anastasi!" As he did not stir, the two women began to pelt him with the koulouria (sweet biscuits shaped like small rings), laughing gleefully the while. One of the biscuits striking Anastasi full in the face, it was useless further to pretend sleep. He therefore started to rise, when the frolicsome nymphs began to kick their heels into the donkeys' ribs, and quickly disappeared around a

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corner of the lane, shrieking with merriment.

Anastasi gathered up the biscuits, and after devoutly crossing himself, fell to upon them with a will.

"I wonder what sort of devils these can be," he mused, "who were so pleased simply because I said they were beautiful?"

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IX.

GREATLY refreshed and strengthened by his repast, Anastasi set out again with a lighter heart. The lane came to an end, and right before him was the little town of Galata. In the shady square old men sat smoking cigarettes and marchilés, and a number of maidens were filling their jars at the fountain. Small craft flitted to and fro in the bay. The sails of some were of a terra-cotta color; of others, white as the wings of a swan. A caique, bound for Athens, rolled by in the fresh breeze blowing up the strait. Her tall masts leaned gracefully, and the water gurgled about her prow. Another was coming into the harbor's mouth, with the wind squarely behind. Her wing-shaped sails were flung out on either side, and she looked like a great bird swooping in from the sea.

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Over the narrow bay lay Poros on a hillside, its white houses flashing in the sun. Where they were thickest, a black rock stood out, like a grim guardian.

The fare across from Galata to Poros in a rowboat is half a penny, and Anastasi possessed an Egyptian coin of exactly that amount. He had saved it because of the queer spider-leg characters on it, which looked as though they might have some talismanic meaning. With this safely in his hand, he stepped into one of the boats, and two minutes afterward found himself in Poros for the second time in his life.

This town, one of the most picturesquely situated in the world, contains about four thousand inhabitants. It boasts of an incredibly filthy hotel, half a dozen wine-shops, and a café or two. In the eyes of Anastasi, who hailed from Damala, it was a metropolis, whose inhabitants lived in Persian luxury, surrounded by

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all the wonders of modern civilization. He thought its cafés aristocratic resorts, and the caiques in the harbor, laden with onions, fruit, and Italian pottery, made for him a forest of shipping. On his previous visit, an Englishman had been pointed out to him who was staying a week at the hotel, paying thirty cents a day, and Anastasi had talked about the wonder ever since.

Handing the man the Egyptian half-penny, Anastasi looked about him. For the first time since setting out upon his career as a saint, he felt misgivings as to his own worthiness and importance. Other boys, coming to the city for the first time, have had similar feelings. His weakness, however, was only transitory. He was passing through Poros unknown as yet, he thought, but the time would come when the whole great city should be proud to do him honor.

Strengthened by this reflection, he hur-

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ried along the front of the town, passed the naval station, and crossed the narrow isthmus that leads to the island of Calavria. From this point there is a good road all the way to the monastery. The greater part of the distance it skirts a precipice, at whose base the sea slides backwards and forwards ceaselessly, like a strong tiger in a cage. It is pleasant to walk along this road. On your left all the way there is a hillside roughly clad in pines, and on the right the open ocean. By and by, Anastasi came to an olive grove, with a brook running through it, and he knew that the monastery was just above him. He sat down under one of the trees to reflect.

“Shall I tell the monks,” he asked himself, “that I have set out to be a saint, or shall I simply go and offer myself as a novice, and let them find out who I am afterward? If I tell them I’m a saint, perhaps they will not believe me. Perhaps

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some of them will be jealous, and will not let me in. Perhaps even some of them will laugh at me."

This last reflection decided him. A Greek can endure anything better than ridicule. He climbed the hill and came to the monastery door. The building, a rambling structure, is situated in an amphitheatre of pine-covered hills. In front is a deep ravine that in summer overflows with pink oleander blossoms and in winter with a white foaming torrent. Across the ravine is a spring called "the fountain of life," because its waters have health-giving properties. Encircling mountains and a bit of sea—this is the horizon of the monks.

Anastasi peeped in at the door. He saw a court bounded by two stories of cells. A wide piazza extended around the building on the inside, making a sort of open-air hall for the monks of the upper cells. Where the piazza ended, it was continued by a grape arbor, the two together form-

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ing a shady cloister for exercise and religious reflection.

At one side of the court was the church. Two cypress trees and a date palm standing by it, threw their shadows into the white inclosure. No one was in sight at first, but while Anastasi stood looking, a young man came out of a distant cell, carrying a large iron kettle very carefully for fear of spilling its contents. He traversed the square diagonally, and entered another door opening upon the cloister. Anastasi noticed that his long black robe was belted with a rope, and that he wore a soft skull cap upon his head.

Anastasi stepped through the arching entrance and peeped curiously into the little apartment where the man had disappeared. A venerable brother was tasting the contents of the kettle, and smacking his lips critically. He was evidently satisfied, for he moved his head up and down and made the sign of the cross over the mess.

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As the younger man turned to come away Anastasi stepped eagerly across the square, and met him in the cloister.

“Good morning, brother,” said he; “is it permitted to say a word with you?”

“Not now, for I must get this lamb stew over the fire. It’s eleven o’clock now, and the father superior is dying of hunger.”

But Anastasi was not to be put off so easily. He followed the cook, for such his new-found acquaintance proved to be, the entire length of the cloister and into the kitchen itself. Anastasi had never seen anything like this room before, and he gazed about him for a moment in silent amazement. In the center was an immense stone altar on which a log fire was burning. The smoke ascended in a column and escaped through an opening in the pyramid-shaped room. On each side of the fire was a crotch of iron. In the crotches the cook now laid an iron bar, after having first passed it through the handle of the kettle.

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He then raked back the burning logs, and piled the coals high under the stew. Stepping suddenly back from the fire, he bumped against Anastasi.

"Hello," said he, "you here yet? What do you want of me?"

"I want to become a saint," said Anastasi.

"A what?"

"A monk, I mean. I want to become a monk."

"The two things don't always mean the same thing, unfortunately. At any rate you must go to the father superior. Do you know where his cell is?"

"Yes; I think so. The one you just went to with the stew?"

"That's it. That's the very one."

"Thank you," said Anastasi, and he started. He had not gone over half way across the court before he felt the cook's hand on his shoulder.

"Stop, my brother," said the latter;

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“the father superior is a saint, but there’s no need of seeing him about anything when he’s hungry. Come and give me your society until after dinner, and I’ll tell you when to speak to him. I’ve an idea.”

The cook was a sallow-faced young man with red eyes and thin red whiskers. His name was Yanni, and he aimed to be a philosopher.

“Has the good man been fasting, then, for a long time?” asked Anastasi.

“From seven o’clock this morning,” replied Yanni.

“Why, I don’t call that fasting at all,” cried Anastasi. “St. Anthony used to eat only once every two or three days.”

But the cook was too busy at that moment to continue the conversation. Anastasi, who was handy about the kitchen, laid aside his precious book and helped. He brought fresh water from the spring, washed some dishes that were lying in the sink, tended the fire, and set the table for

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the eighteen monks who made up the little community of the monastery. While thus employed, the church bell rang.

“What’s that?” asked Anastasi.

“That’s the noon call for thanksgiving services,” replied the cook; “they all go into church now, and thank God for the food they’re about to sit down to. Then they come into the dining-room and grumble if it don’t suit them. I wonder why they don’t have that service after dinner? Then, if there was anything they didn’t like about the food they could complain in the proper quarter.”

This flippancy shocked Anastasi inexpressibly, but he reflected that his companion was, after all, only a novice, and, therefore, not perfect in grace.

Soon a tramping of feet was heard in the great dining-hall, the scraping of chairs on the floor, and the confused sound of many voices in conversation. The cook took down a huge copper pan from the

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wall, and placing it on the altar already described, poured in the steaming stew. Seizing the dish by each handle, and resting the edge against his stomach, he disappeared within the dining-hall. Anastasi tip-toed to the door and looked in. The holy fathers were seated on wooden benches, placed each side of a long table, with the venerable superior at their head. With one exception they were old men, with gray hair, and flowing beards of the same color. Their black robes gave them an extremely solemn and reverend appearance. One thing that impressed Anastasi especially was the immense size of the hall, making the monks seem fewer even than they were. This effect was increased by the barrenness of floor and walls. The only adornment was the eikon of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by small pictures of the Byzantine emperors. This hung over the head of the table, and an olive-oil lamp was burning feebly in front of it.

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The cook set the stew in the middle of the board, and stepping respectfully back, stood with bowed head while the monks made the sign of the cross. A ray of golden sunlight streamed in through a window, and fell like a halo on the gray head of the father superior. Anastasi was much impressed. As soon as the meal began, however, he was shocked to see how heartily the monks ate, dipping great chunks of bread into the stew, and quaffing goblets of yellow resin wine. They were merry, too, as children, bantering each other and relating anecdotes. Occasionally a roar of laughter went round the board, the father superior joining in as heartily as the others. Anastasi could not find any record of hearty eating or of laughter in his "Life of St. Anthony." While he was pondering these things, the cook bustled out and set him to grinding coffee. Anastasi had often made coffee at home, so without further instruction,

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he made eighteen cups, strong and sweet, while the cook was busy clearing away the dishes, and getting old George's dinner ready from the scraps. Old George was a hundred and two years of age, and had been a pensioner at the monastery for forty years.

After dinner, the father superior rose and went to his cell. The others rolled cigarettes, and waited for their black coffee. When the cook rushed into the kitchen, demanding of Anastasi if he had finished grinding the coffee, he found the latter pouring the muddy liquid into the little cups.

"Oh, my ill-fortune!" groaned the cook. "You've ruined the coffee. What shall I do?" Picking up one of the cups, he tasted the decoction with a long, thin sip, followed by a loud smack.

"Perhaps it'll do," he said; "but you should have waited for me."

What was Anastasi's delight, a moment

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later, to hear the youngest one of the monks call out: "Yanni, you've outdone yourself to-day. This coffee is a masterpiece."

The brother who made this remark was about thirty-five years of age. He was tall, well-formed, and strikingly handsome. He had liquid-brown eyes, a large, straight nose, silky, black beard, parted in the middle of his chin, and a mustache that grew up in such a way as to expose his full, red lips. His complexion was a clear dark, through which the blood shone like fire shines through smoked glass.

"You've saved me," said Yanni, gleefully, coming into the kitchen again. "Some day, maybe, I'll tell you why I was so frightened. Here, take the father superior's coffee in to him. It will give you a good chance to have your say."

Anastasi went into the presence of the father superior with considerable trepidation, which did not vanish until he looked into the eyes of that really good man.

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Ingenuous as a child, kind-hearted, simple, the first tone of his voice, his first kindly glance was sufficient to betray the sweetness of his soul. He was seated at a writing-desk, busied with his accounts. On one side of the cell was a leather-covered lounge. Three chairs and a book-case completed the furnishing of the room. The book-case was filled with huge theological works, bound in brown leather, and with others of a similar nature, unbound. It also contained a number of valuable parchments, and the charter of the monastery, a great document, in beautiful Greek chirography, written by a hand that ceased its labors three hundred years ago. From this latter manuscript dangled a copper seal, attached to a long ribbon. Anastasi saw nothing, of course, but the big books; but he soon learned to share in the general awe of the father superior, as the only man about the institution who could read the mysterious old papers in the library. For the hegou-

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menos was an educated man, and having the natural instincts of the scholar, had dabbled much during his leisure in the fascinating study of paleography. The walls of his cell were adorned with crude engravings of the principal Greek monasteries—that at Tenos, those of Mount Athos, and others, and on one side hung a huge chart, covered with portraits of all the Byzantine emperors. Anastasi thought they were all saints, and wondered much that so many of them wore helmets and swords. The idea flashed through his head that they had been thus accoutred for great conflicts with the devil. He set the coffee down on the table at the father superior's elbow, and stood waiting. The good man pulled the cup toward him mechanically with his left hand, but continued figuring with his right, without looking up. After a few moments, Anastasi coughed.

“Oh, you're there yet, are you, Yanni?” said a sweet, low voice. “How many goats

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have you bought this week? We must cut down expenses for awhile now. We're running behind. Ach! we're not so rich in worldly goods as we used to be."

"I never bought a goat in my life, your reverence," replied Anastasi. "I'm not Yanni at all."

The hegoumenos turned around and looked up, inquiringly.

"I am Anastasi of Damala," continued the young man, "and I have come all the way from my town to become a saint." In his confusion, he had let the cat out the bag.

The hegoumenos smiled.

"One is often obliged to go further than that to become a saint," he said.

"I didn't mean a saint, I meant a monk," stammered Anastasi.

The holy father extended his left hand and pulled the young man toward him. "Sit down here and tell me all about it," he said.

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Anastasi obeyed.

"I am the son of Papa Evangelos Kriezēs, of Damala," he began. "All the world there thinks I am to take the church when my father retires; but I have been reading the 'Life of St. Anthony,' and I want to become a great man like him. I want to watch and pray, and have great battles with the devil. I don't want to spend my life eating white church bread and goats' eyes, and sleeping in the shade. Neither will I marry. I believe woman to be the greatest bait the devil has. He tempted St. Anthony worst with a woman."

The old man did not reply for a moment. To tell the truth, he was puzzled. This was strange language, and yet he had read of just such enthusiasts in the brown leather books above him.

"I know your father well," he said; "he is a man much beloved; there are few better priests or better Christians than he is. There are some saints, my boy, who

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eat white bread and sleep in the shade; would to God there were no Christians who had worse failings. Do you come here with your father's consent?"

"No, I went to a cave like St. Anthony, and the devil appeared to me in many different ways, and I resisted him; but then I thought I would come to this monastery and live here among these good men, and take lessons from them, until I learned how a saint should act under all circumstances. Oh, don't turn me away, good hegoumene, don't, don't!" There were tears in Anastasi's eyes, and he held out his hands imploringly.

"Well, well," said the father superior; "don't be uneasy, my boy; I'll write to Papa Evangelos to come here and we'll talk the matter over together; besides, I long to see his kindly face again, and to grasp him by the hand. Now go, and send Yanni to me."

"Well," announced the cook, a few

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minutes later, coming into the kitchen,
“I’m to give you your food and a bed until
further notice, so it looks as if you were to
become one of us after all.”

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X.

THAT very evening a youthful Phidippides brought to Papa Evangelos news of his son's whereabouts. The hegoumenos had wasted no time, knowing how his aged friend would worry. The priest had, in fact, become nearly insane, now that his anxiety was really aroused concerning Anastasi, and he had surprised his wife by a violent outburst, in which he accused her of driving the boy away by undue severity. He had not taken his siesta on the day following Anastasi's second disappearance. This was so extraordinary an occurrence, that even the kitten showed signs of uneasiness, walking to and fro and mewing. The priest had begun to imagine all sorts of evils in connection with his son. The thing which he had most comprehended of the boy's strange behavior was, that he did

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not wish to take the church after his own retirement. This, in itself, was a great disappointment.

“I am getting old,” he thought; “I had hoped soon to see Anastasi married and the father of a child—a dear little grand-child. Then he could have taken the church and I could have retired. I might thus pass my declining years, loved by my neighbors, surrounded by my children and my children’s children; and when I had become feeble, what greater satisfaction than to see my own son doing my work. Oh, God grant even yet that this may be.”

As the day wore on, he grew more apprehensive concerning the boy. Perhaps he had run away again, never to return; perhaps he had lost his mind; perhaps he had committed suicide. The papadia believed that the boy had run away simply through spite, but she said nothing, for at heart she felt a little ashamed of the part which she had played at the cave.

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Nor did she make any reply to her husband's accusations, when he said, fiercely: "We found him once and you drove him away. Who knows where to look for him now?"

The messenger had no difficulty in finding the parsonage, and there sat the good priest on the stone bench, his head between his hands.

"Good morning, your reverence," said a strange voice.

Father Evangelos looked up quickly. "Good morning," he said; "do you bring me news of Anastasi?"

For reply, the messenger took from within his bosom a letter, much soiled with perspiration and dust. The priest tore open the missive with trembling hands, and read it eagerly. Then he danced about on the hard-beaten ground till his hair slipped its pins and fell down his back. He threw his arms around the messenger and patted him between the shoulders, saying: "Good boy,

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good boy," in one breath, and calling "Papadia! Papadia!" with the next.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Kuria Kriezes, coming to the door; her long distaff grew out of her belt like a branch from the trunk of a tree, while the little crotch at its upper end blossomed with a white ball of wool. Perikles hung on to her dress from behind, and peeped around over her hip.

"Anastasi's found, papadia. He's at the monastery and wants to become a monk; I know how that is; I had that idea myself when I was a young man. The father superior says I had better come to the monastery. I shall start in the morning. I'll soon talk Anastasi over and have him back here."

"Nonsense. To think of taking such a journey at your time of life! I'll go myself, rather."

The priest patted her wrinkled cheek. "A mother's love works wonders, I know,"

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he said, "but since the hegoumenos invites me—eh? I'll borrow the demarch's ass, Faithful, and shall have a very pleasant journey."

The next morning the papadia helped her husband upon the mule, and half Damala gathered around to wish him a safe journey and a joyful return. Soon he was toiling down the steep mountain side on the animal's back. He entered a narrow defile, and gradually disappeared, the last thing that was seen of him being his inverted stove-pipe hat bobbing up and down between the rocks. Despite the predictions of his wife, he made the entire journey in safety, the only real difficulty which he encountered occurring at the ferry. Here the boatman wished him to dismount, but Father Evangelos, fearful of compromising his dignity, urged the mule into the small rowboat, and crossed the ferry on the animal's back, holding his white umbrella above his head.

Father Anthony

Thus he went into Poros in the most dignified manner possible, looking like an equestrian statue of benevolence designed for the public square.

The Tempting of

XI.

PAPA EVANGELOS was received by the father superior with demonstrations of unfeigned delight. The two old men had been warmest friends from youth, but had not met in twenty-five years. Many affectionate messages had passed between them, and each had yearned deeply to shake the other by the hand once more, but neither had dreamed of making the necessary journey. Father Evangelos belonged to the town of Damala, and there he stayed. The hegoumenos had not been out of sight of the monastery in a quarter of a century, and the tall cypress tree in the court could have made an excursion as easily as he. Now that necessity had brought the two together again, they embraced with mutual kisses, patting each other on the back and weeping.

Father Anthony

"Glory to God that I see you once more!"

"Bright is the day that brings you to me!"

Arm in arm they passed through the arched door, chattering the interminable Greek salutations.

"How are you?"

"How do you do?"

"How are you getting along?"

"Are you well?"

"You're well, are you?" and so forth indefinitely. The hegoumenos led Papa Evangelos to the leather sofa and sat down beside him.

"It's years that I have n't seen you," said the monk, laying his hand on that of the priest. The latter set his tall hat upon the floor, and wiped his brow with the hem of his robe.

"We are growing old," he sighed. "The last time I saw you I had no boy to worry about. Where's the rascal?"

"Easy, easy," replied the hegoumenos,

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"let's talk the matter over first. He's a fine fellow, that boy, straight as a roasting spit and has the very curls his father used to have. He's been reading the 'Lives of the Saints,' and wants to become a monk first and a great saint afterwards. He's full of ideas about watching and fasting. He thinks women are the devil's hand-maidens, and never wants to see one of them. Now, we mustn't go too fast. These may be transient notions, or there may be the making of a great evangelist in the boy. Wait till after dinner; I'll order a goat killed and we'll have the head between us. I have some wine from our own grapes and resin. You shall take home a bottle of it."

"I'm growing old," repeated the priest. "I wanted Anastasi to take my place after me."

"Bah! bah! bah! your flock won't let you go for twenty years yet, and besides, you've another boy. I'll tell you now that I am in favor of giving Anastasi a trial.

Father Anthony

Our monasteries need new blood. The old men are dying off and no young ones are coming in. Where we used to have eighty monks we now have only eighteen. There's only one young man among us. Perhaps Anastasi is called of the Lord to revive our monastery life. But we'll settle it all after dinner. Let's talk of old times now."

Papa Evangelos dined at the right hand of the hegoumenos that day. During the feast the monk speared one of the goat's eyes and handed it on his own fork to the priest. Then he speared the other, and the old men ate the two morsels simultaneously, sucking them and smacking their lips.

"I never eat a goat's eye without thinking of my mother," said the hegoumenos; "it was a favorite proverb of hers, 'Who eats goat's eyes eats his sisters.'* Ah, me! my sister is dead now fifteen years.

* Namely, eats his sisters' doweries through extravagance.

The Tempting of

You remember little Irene? I thought once that you would be my brother-in-law."

So they fell to talking of old times, and Anastasi was for the moment forgotten.

After dinner the boy had a long talk with his father, affirming his determination to become a second St. Anthony, and it seemed to the priest the most natural thing in the world to leave his son in care of his old friend.

"I'll keep on myself," said Father Evangelos, "till Perikles is able to take the church, and thus shall I give both my sons to the Lord."

At four o'clock, when the shadows of the cypress and date-palm in the monastery court had lengthened till they fell athwart the further wall, and the winding road above the sea lay in the shade of the pines, Papa Evangelos kissed his friend good by, blessed his son, and mounted his mule. A demijohn of the monastery's best



Papa Evangelos mounted his mule.

Father Anthony

wine hung at his saddle-bow. Shortly after the old man's departure, Anastasi felt a great regret sweep over him, which he tried in vain to choke down as a temptation of the devil. His father had always been very kind to him. After a severe struggle he compromised with his soul, and went down the road a little way to catch one more glimpse of the departing figure, if possible. Not seeing what he sought, he fixed his eyes on the narrow isthmus that lay in the distance like a slender thread between two shining stretches of sea. By this neck of land must the old man pass over into Poros. Anastasi had not long to wait. A little black mule trotted onto the isthmus, bearing a venerable man who wore a high hat and a long, black robe that floated gracefully over the animal's haunches. The sea shimmered in the afternoon's sun like a vast stretch of molten silver, and the mule

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and his rider stood out on the thread of sand distinct as a silhouette. While Anastasi looked they seemed to slide from one world into another and were gone.

Father Anthony

XII.

ANASTASI was given a narrow, high cell, with whitewashed walls. These latter were so thick that the window leading into the outer world was like a tunnel. Looking through, he could see a patch of pines, and a bit of white road winding down by the sea.

His duties were various. He assisted the cook, kept the court-yard clean, and when necessity arose, worked in the vineyard. Besides, he was obliged to make up his own bed and keep his cell in order. On the whole, his life was not a very hard one. In the prosperous days of the monastery, it had owned extensive orange and lemon groves, and its body of monks were a busy community. Years ago, however, a blight had fallen on the trees and destroyed them utterly. Now,

The Tempting of

the property consisted only of a few grapevines, and an olive grove on the hillside.

Neither was Anastasi required to study. His probation was of conduct rather than of knowledge. Finding himself, therefore, regularly entered upon the monastic life, he devoted himself with renewed zeal to the study of the character and teachings of the great St. Anthony.

He also observed carefully the conduct of the good men who surrounded him, and he was much encouraged to notice that they did not crucify the flesh as St. Anthony had done, nor did he hear that any pitched battles with the powers of darkness had taken place within the monastery walls. The more he thought of the matter, the more convinced he became that the time was ripe for the appearance of another great saint. Most of the monks led good enough lives; but none of them seemed to rise above the plane of ordinary goodness. There were

Father Anthony

several, moreover, whom Anastasi regarded as positive sinners. One old brother, in particular, was overfond of the wine cup. When picnic parties came to the spring, Father Joseph would go and talk with them for the sake of being offered wine. Sometimes they spoke rudely to him and sent him away. At other times they gave the old man so much to drink that he became silly. He was a pitiful figure, for his blossoming nose and cheeks, and his silly, bleary eyes harmonized but poorly with his venerable beard and the holy robes which he wore.

Another of the monks was a glutton. He ate enormously at table; and during the long fasts, he showed no signs of having denied himself. Anastasi, therefore, watched him carefully, and found that he concealed food in his cell. This monk had a round, jolly face, and little pig eyes. He puffed when he walked, blowing his lips apart with sudden explo-

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sions. His stomach was enormous, and his downy beard grew in tufts on his rosy cheeks. He looked for all the world like Falstaff masquerading in a cassock.

A third brother was too fond of gossip. When families came to stay a week or so at the monastery, as often happened, he would worm out of them all their private history, and would talk about them in a very worldly way afterward. Nothing delighted him more than to converse for hours with some old woman about subjects not usually discussed between the sexes. Whenever he could get hold of a young married couple he would give them advice on delicate matters till the lady often ran away blushing. Several times had complaints been made to the father superior regarding this monk. Although Anastasi pried into all these matters early in his life in the monastery, yet he did not feel that his time was yet ripe for correcting the abuses.

Father Anthony

"I will wait," he thought, "till I am a monk, like the rest of them, and then I will make a reform in this monastery."

In the meantime, Anastasi surprised even the hegoumenos by his austerity. Keeping his private saint continually before his mind's eye, he strove ever more and more to imitate him. He ate very little, and confined his diet as much as possible to bread, water, and olives. He grew thin and sallow, and so serious of aspect that he gave the impression of an old soul in a young body. Night after night, when every one else was sleeping peacefully, Anastasi sat up in his cell, watching for the devil.

"If I could win some great victory now in the beginning," he thought, "what a superiority it would give me over these old fathers who have never done anything."

But his opportunity was not to come yet—not till he had become a full-fledged monk. At first, Yanni, the cook, who saw in a new arrival an opportunity for com-

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radeship, brought all the arguments of his philosophy to bear upon Anastasi, urging the latter to enjoy himself.

“I have been very lonesome here,” he said, “but the two of us together can lead a pleasant life. Being cook, I can hide away many dainty morsels, and we can eat and drink of the best. Now I’ll tell you a secret. I have changed my mind about being a monk. That’s the reason I cook so well as I do. As long as I give them fine meals, no one suggests that I leave the servant’s rank. Once in awhile the hegoumenos says something about it, but then I get up an extra good dish, and he keeps quiet again for a week or so. All I have to do is to burn a roast, or put too much salt in the stew, and they’ll all insist upon my becoming a novice to-morrow. But I’ve other ideas now. That’s why I was so frightened when you made the coffee the first day you came. You stick by me and learn to cook, and we’ll see the world together.

Father Anthony

Good cooks are more in demand than saints, these days."

When Anastasi heard these words his thin nostrils dilated like those of a war-horse sniffing battle. Here was a temptation of the devil.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" he said, and thereafter he treated poor Yanni with such austere disdain that the latter felt uncomfortable at the mere sight of him.

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XIII.

LIFE in a Greek monastery is intended to be an existence of gradual spiritual advancement. One enters, in childhood, usually, as a servant to one of the monks, whom he regards as his spiritual father, and to whom he looks for instruction. The next step is that of the novice (in Greek *Δόκιμος*). The novice is tried as to his ability to fast, to go without sleep, and in general to resist the temptations of the flesh. He who proves himself worthy in this grade becomes a reader (*Ἀναγνώστης*), so called because he reads certain services and responses at the daily liturgies. Finally the reader, after serving his apprenticeship, takes the vows, and becomes a full-fledged monk.

Most of the inhabitants of a monastery remain simple monks. As such it is not necessary for them to be men of learning.

Father Anthony

There are monks who cannot read, or even write their names.

The deacons, priests, high priests, and archimandrites must be scholars.

Anastasi was assigned as servant to the handsome monk—the one with the large, straight nose, full, red lips, and beard parted in the middle. The boy was delighted with his instructor, who had a soft voice, and appeared to be a most godly young man. He fell so naturally into the routine of his new life that it seemed as though he had always lived in a monastery. Whoever else slept, Anastasi was sure to be on hand for midnight prayers, after which he threw himself onto the bed in his clothing, that he might be punctual at early morning service. How quickly the days passed! A warm herb drink before sunrise, with a morsel of bread; then work in the vineyard or the woods till noon. Services again, lunch, more work, prayers, dinner, bed. He hardly had time to open his beloved life of Anthony the

The Tempting of

Great. So earnest and industrious he was that Father Demetrius, for such was the handsome monk's name, had him made a novice at the end of the first year.

In this rank Anastasi did not remain over six months. For who could fast or who could watch like he? He put all the older monks to shame.

At the end of another six months he became a reader.

With what joy and pride did he hear the superior's order that he was to read from the "Lives of the Saints" each night, while the brothers were at dinner. Here was his opportunity to hold up the abstinence and sobriety of the blessed Anthony before the monks just at the time when they needed such a lesson most.

The father superior long remembered Anastasi's first appearance as a reader. The brothers were all seated about the table in the long, high hall. A row of candles down the middle of the board

Father Anthony

threw a weird light over their bearded faces and black garments. Others, stuck in pieces of board projecting from the wall, flickered dimly in the great hall, like little stars in a vast heaven. Large chunks of coarse bread lay by each plate, and there were two decanters filled with the red wine for which the region is noted. Where the candle-light shone through these they seemed to be filled with melted rubies. Yanni came in, proudly bearing a stew. His head was thrown back, and he held the great platter straight out before him at arm's length. The steam filled the room with grateful incense. He set the dish in the middle of the table, and all the monks began to chatter in an excited manner. Their lives were so monotonous, and dinner was the great event of the day.

"Has it egg-plants in it, Yanni?"

"No, courges."

"Ah, courges! so much the better."

"And a taste of garlic?"

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"Certainly, father, certainly."

"Ah, bless the Virgin!"

"I'll warrant it's a masterpiece."

Father Joseph filled his glass to the brim and took a deep draught.

"Here's health," he exclaimed, smacking his lips loudly.

"Don't let it get cold," said Father Spiro, turning his round face and little pig eyes toward the hegoumenos.

The latter silently dished out a portion of the stew upon each of the plates. The brethren crossed themselves hurriedly, and fell to with much smacking of lips and loud sucking of warm gravy. Men who live without women soon resume the manners of the lower animals. The hegoumenos nodded to Anastasi, and a clear, earnest voice rang out eagerly.

"And his servant brought him, every two or three days, a piece of bread, and none could ever surpass him in fasting, for he ate nothing but bread and water, and

Father Anthony

that not once a day, or twice a day, but once every two or three days. So he strove ever to weaken his flesh that he might grow stronger in the graces of the spirit."

Several knives dropped upon the plates with a clatter. Father Spiro looked up, his ruddy cheeks bulging with bread and gravy. Father Joseph shaded his eyes with his left hand, that he might the better see. His right held poised in air a piece of bread soaked in red wine. Father Demetrius was just cracking a tender bone with his teeth to get at the marrow. The light of a candle shone upon his glistening ivories, his lips drawn back like the lips of a dog.

"This is a little surprise for you," explained the hegoumenos, in a gentle voice. "I have introduced the good old custom of having readings each night during dinner. Anastasi will entertain us with extracts from the 'Lives of the Saints.'"

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There he stood with his beloved book open on the tall lectern, holding a candle in his right hand. His face had grown very thin through continued fasting, and his dark, abundant curls made it look more meager still. And there, night after night, he stood, an image of superior godliness, reading to the monks tales of abstinence and mortification of the flesh, while they were guiltily eating of the fat of the land. Often Father Joseph lifted his wine-glass with trembling hand, and muttered:

“This St. Anthony will drive me to drink;” and Father Spiro would stuff his ruddy cheeks with food, grumbling:

“Such tales of starvation! It makes me hungry to hear them.”

Father Anthony

XIV.

ANASTASI was barely twenty, though he looked double that age, when the hegoumenos wrote to good Papa Evangelos in Damala:

“My dear brother in Christ—Greeting: I see no reason why Anastasi should not take the irrevocable step, and put on the holy robes of our order. Such abstinence, such earnestness, such devotion, I have seldom seen in a novice. He has taken for his model St. Anthony the Great, of Egypt, and has thus far proved himself a not unworthy follower of so eminent a teacher. The ceremony of his ordination will take place on the next anniversary of St. Anthony’s birth, one week from to-day. If possible, I pray you to join us on the occasion, not only that you may see your son’s ordination, but that I may again look upon

The Tempting of

the face of my old and dear friend. Greetings and love to your family, and to all the Christian brethren and sisters of your little flock. Peace be with you.

“DEMÉTRIOS, HEGOUMENOS.”

But Papa Evangelos reminded the hegoumenos that he had made the great journey only three years ago. “I am too old now,” he said, “to think of leaving my native village, and of wandering in far distant countries, except it werê for some matter of life and death, or the salvation of a soul. I feel that Anastasi is perfectly safe with you, my dear brother. I yearn ever to clasp you in my arms again, but I do not consider Anastasi’s ordination sufficient reason for me to cross the sea, and to pass a night beneath a foreign roof. My soul rejoices greatly at the boy’s spiritual progress. Love to him and to you, and the peace that passeth understanding be with you all.

“EVANGELOS, THE PRIEST.”

Father Anthony

On the eve of St. Anthony's day all the candles in the monastery church were lighted. The brothers waited within, expectantly, whispering together in groups. The hegoumenos, who was also a high priest, sat in the tall-backed chair at one side of the nave. From the chancel screen, the Holy Virgin, chubby-faced and wearing a golden halo, looked down upon the gathering. At her right and left were a goodly throng of saints, all done by a Byzantine artist; St. John the Baptist, Michael with a flashing sword, George and the dragon, St. Thomas praying for his murderers, and many others. At either side of the chancel door stood a brass candlestick, high as a man, and in both of them candles were burning. So light was the interior that the rich gilding on the chancel screen and the halos of the saints glistened with barbaric splendor. Even the double-headed eagle of the Byzantine emperors, carved in a marble slab of the flooring, could be distinctly

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seen. What was Father Joseph thinking of as he stood looking down at it? The last Palæologus is for centuries dead. His descendants are hewers of wood and carriers of water. His people have long been slaves to the infidel, yet that double-headed eagle in the monastery church looked up at Father Joseph as proudly as when, centuries ago, it had been the symbol of an emperor's magnificence and power.

Was the monk thinking of this, as he stood looking at the ancient slab, or was he meditating on his warm bed and the flask of old *cognac* under his pillow? Let us be as charitable as the circumstances will admit.

At midnight Yanni seized the rope dangling from the little church tower, and rang the bell vigorously. Immediately thereafter Anastasi entered the building, naked as a newly-born babe. He was accompanied by his spiritual god-father, the handsome young priest, carrying upon his arm

Father Anthony

a black cassock, and the other sacred vestments of a monk.

The hegoumenos conducted the services with great solemnity. Anastasi vowed to renounce the world, women, and the devil. To fast and to pray, and to live at peace with his brothers in Christ. And finally to observe faithfully all the rules of the church and of the monastic order which he had joined. Then Father Demetrius cut off a lock of Anastasi's hair and glued it to the eikon of the Saviour, there to remain untouched till it should fall off of itself. By his own request, he was rechristened Anthony, and under that name was enrolled upon the books of the order. Finally, Demetrius assisted him to put on the holy robes, and tied him about with a cincture.

All the brothers kissed him, beginning with the hegoumenos, and he walked out of the church with a bent head and a proud heart. Father Anthony went to his cell, not to pray for strength, but to render

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thanks to God that his armor had at last been won, and that he was now ready to do high battle with the Prince of Darkness and all the powers of the air.

Father Anthony

XV.

FATHER ANTHONY was a thorn of increasing sharpness in the sides of his less earnest brethren. Before his advent into the monastery, their lives had flowed along with serene monotony, day succeeding day, and year, year, without a ripple to break the sluggish current of existence. If there existed under-currents of human weakness, they had not been spoken of ; if little eddies of human passion whirled about in darker angles of the stream, no profane hand had lifted the overhanging limb nor pointed them out with prying finger. The hegoumenos was so deeply immersed in his paleography that he observed none of the failings of his associates. He was, moreover, of so sincere a nature, and so simply pious, that he took for granted equal blamelessness in all around him.

The Tempting of

Father Anthony believed himself a man with a mission. If people so deluded are often nuisances out in the great world, how much more of an affliction must such an individual be whose activity is confined within the four walls surrounding a cloister?

To do Father Anthony justice, he did not go to the hegoumenos with complaints. He reproached the brothers with their lack of zeal and other failings, and continually quoted St. Anthony to them.

With a sad, sweet smile, punctuating his discourse with sighs, he talked to Father Joseph of the sin of drunkenness, and to Father Spiro of the vice of gluttony. He advised the brothers to pray for strength, and assured them one by one that he was praying for them. They could not openly object to this interest in their spiritual welfare, for the apostle from Damala was logically in the right. Yet they felt uncomfortable. Even the offered prayers were not received with unalloyed thankfulness.

Father Anthony

In general, the man who offers to pray for another is assuming too much as to his own standing with the Throne of Grace. Two-thirds of the people who pray for others are interceding for better men than themselves.

Father Anthony did not remain in the monastery over two years longer. Indeed, before the first twelve months were accomplished he began to feel that he was sowing his seed upon stony ground—that he was affecting no reform among his brother monks, and that he was not himself growing in grace through association with them. One brother alone seemed worthy of his companionship—Father Demetrius, he of the white teeth, ruddy lips, and parted beard. He always listened with so much deference to Anthony, and replied to him in such a rich, sweet voice, that the latter came to regard the handsome monk as a perfect type of piety and gentleness. To Demetrius, the zealot confided his struggles

The Tempting of

and ambitions, sure of sympathy for his yearnings and comfort for his despair.

His loss of confidence in Demetrius was the last straw that broke the camel's back, and caused Father Anthony to renounce entirely all communion with his fellow-men.

On account of the healthful location of the monastery, its magnificent view of the sea, and the life-giving properties of the famous spring, many people sought permission to remain for a week or two under its roof. At first this permission was granted only to men, who usually occupied vacant cells and ate at the long table with the monks. As these always presented the hegoumenos with greater or less sums on leaving, the institution realized quite a handsome income from its summer boarders, a means of revenue which was all the more welcome since the ruin of the orange orchards by blight.

Latterly this privilege had been extended, and whole families were granted

Father Anthony

permission to put up in the vacant cells, and to cook their meals in the great kitchen. The admission of women to the sacred precincts disturbed Father Anthony greatly, and he often conferred with Demetrius on the dangers of female society, and the devil's predilection for women as bait.

But the evil one rarely baits his hook with a fat woman, and the ladies who graced the cloister with their presence were almost invariably corpulent mothers of families.

One bright day in June, however, the small community was thrown into a flurry of excitement by the arrival of guests of unusual appearance.

Mr. Lebessi, a Greek merchant residing in Marseilles, had obtained permission to remain for two weeks at the monastery, in hopes that the water and the prayers of the monks might cure him of a kidney disease from which he was suffering. He brought with him his wife, her sister, and a man cook. The two ladies were each about

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thirty or thirty-five years of age, respectively, slender and youthful looking. They dressed in *chic* French style and, when talking with each other, always spoke in the French tongue. Both had beautiful complexions, and large, soulful eyes, which they knew how to use. Masses of brown hair surmounted their fresh, baby faces, and altogether they possessed an air of innocence and youth little less than irresistible. Mrs. Lebessi was known in her family circle as Euphrosyne, and her sister rejoiced in the good old name of Theodora. The latter, though the younger of the two, had already advanced into that period of life when, if ever, a woman becomes romantic. Talk of the sentimentality of schoolgirls! One lady of uncertain age can dream more dreams than a dozen schoolgirls!

It was but natural that Theodora should be smitten with Brother Demetrius from the first instant that she gazed upon his tall figure, his ruddy cheeks, his large,

Father Anthony

liquid eyes, and his beautiful beard. She sat upon the balcony for hours every day watching to see him cross the courtyard. Whenever she could think of anything to say, she stopped him and questioned him on the most trivial matters, only to hear his sweet, low voice. Whenever he sat down upon a bench in the court or by the spring, Theodora would run and sit beside him, and would draw him into conversation. Often she talked of love. Beginning with its divine manifestation, she would lead the subject around skillfully to human affection. At such times she would hold her head down and look up at the poor monk longingly from half-closed eyes.

All this could not go on and escape Father Anthony's vigilance. He had been greatly concerned from the first over the arrival of these two women, and they had not been at the monastery a week before he was convinced that they were genuine devils, and that one of them was tempting

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Demetrius. At first Anthony said to himself: "God has sent this temptation to my friend and I will not interfere in the battle. I will pray for him and watch them. If his strength fails, then I will come to his assistance."

From that time forward he followed Theodora's every move with restless eye. One evening she looked around cautiously and then slipped a bit of paper under the door of Demetrius's cell. As soon as she had disappeared through the door of the court, Father Anthony, who had been watching from the kitchen window, hurried across the inclosure, secured the missive, and went to his own cell with it. By the light of his narrow window he unfolded the paper, and beheld a number of verses written in a delicate feminine hand. At the head of the effusion was a pen-and-ink sketch of two billing doves seated on an olive branch; at the end was another of two hearts, pierced spit-

Father Anthony

wise by an arrow. This is what Father Anthony read, his flesh creeping with horror and indignation:

LINES TO D——.

If I a little swallow were,
I'd fly into your bed,
And build among the pillows there
My nest above your head.

There would I twitter all the day
To make you think of me;
To make you think of me, my sweet,
Until you cease to be!

THEODORA.

P. S.—I must see you once more. I will be at the same place again to-night at the same hour. Oh, my darling! do not disappoint me.

TH——.

When Father Anthony had sufficiently recovered from his horror to be able to think at all, his first impulse was to go directly to the hegoumenos, show him the impious letter, and denounce its author. Such action, he had no doubt, would re-

The Tempting of

sult in the immediate expulsion of the strangers.

He sprang to his feet and actually started in search of the hegoumenos, when the thought occurred to him: "Oh, if this were I, instead of Father Demetrius! What a victory I would gain! Thus would I spurn this female devil."

Assuming a majestic attitude, he threw out his hand in a sublime gesture of repulsion and disdain.

But a brave warrior's greatest joy, after being in a conflict himself, is to witness a battle between others.

Slowly dropping his outstretched hand, he soliloquized: "After all, I have no right to deprive Father Demetrius of this victory. This temptation has been sent him for his own spiritual advancement. Why should I interfere in the matter?"

Influenced by this last thought, he replaced the *billet-doux* where he had found it.

That afternoon he talked much with

Father Anthony

Father Demetrius on spiritual matters, and even spoke of the terrible dangers to the soul incurred in the society of women.

“I believe,” said Father Anthony, sitting in his friend’s cell, “that all women are an invention of the devil. It was through woman that man lost the first paradise; it is through her that he most frequently fails of the paradise above. Perusal of the sacred writers and of the lives of the saints brings this great truth home very clearly. When I think of the struggles which the blessed fathers have endured on account of woman, my very blood runs cold in my veins. It is clear that she is an invention of the devil, because the Creator could have provided for the perpetuation of the race without her. Is he not all powerful? So firmly fixed is this idea in my mind, that I shudder at the sight of a woman, comely though she may be. A beautiful woman produces in me the same chill and aversion that one feels in look-

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ing at a beautiful snake—and for the same reason, for they are both associated in my mind with the devil and his works.”

To this homily Demetrius assented with so much earnestness that Anthony was more than satisfied.

“Nevertheless, I will watch them,” he said. “The sight of Demetrius’s victory will give me wisdom for my own great struggles, which I feel are not long to be delayed.”

Father Anthony

XVI.

FATHER ANTHONY, despite his vigilance, did not see the fair Theodora and the object of her affection steal forth to their trysting place. Going to Demetrius's cell at the hour of eleven, he found the door unlocked. He pushed it open and peeped in. All was silence within. No heavy breathing; no sonorous snores betrayed the sleeping priest. On the table beneath an eikon of the Virgin stood a tumbler of olive oil, on whose surface burned a floating *bougette*. Its feeble light shone on an empty pillow. Father Anthony hurried down the cloister, and stole across the court, where the church tower and the trees cast ghostly shadows by the moon's half light. To his surprise, he found the gate of the court unlocked, the hegoumenos's bunch of keys dangling in the keyhole. They should have

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been hanging in the hegoumenos's room, at the end of the bookcase. Once outside, Father Anthony stopped to think. Back of the monastery was a precipitous hill; on the opposite side of the ravine loomed a sheer wall of rock from which flowed the miraculous spring; only two ways then could they have gone, down by the wide road leading to the sea, or up the deep ravine among the oleander bushes. The road lay white and distinct in the moonlight, winding along the side of a precipice.

"They are gone up the ravine," said Father Anthony, "unless, indeed, she has flown off with him, like the devil with Doctor Faust."

So he stole cautiously along the steep trail threading the bottom of the ravine, listening to every step. His zeal was soon rewarded. The sound of low voices in earnest conversation proved that his surmises had been correct. Cautiously he

Father Anthony

approached the sound until he came to a little open space by the side of the trail. The high oleander bushes inclosed it on three sides, and at the back was a steep rock. In the shadow of this stood the priest and his tempter. Father Anthony leaned forward, grasping the bushes with nervous fingers, and pushing his thin face through the foliage. His eyes gleamed like the eyes of a wolf.

"Say you love me just a little, Deme-trius! You do love me, don't you?"

"I do love you. God knows I love you! Oh, why did you come here, with your sweet face and winning ways, to make me wretched all the rest of my life? You have the world before you. In its distractions you can forget. Perhaps you will even love another. But I shall stay here with my memory—like a prisoner chained to a corpse."

"Cruel one," said the tempter, "to think that I shall ever forget! Your persistence will make us both wretched for life. Oh,

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come with me to beautiful France, and forget your vows. We will be so happy in each other's love, and will spend our lives in doing good. Surely, the Holy Virgin does not intend that you should be unhappy—you, so good, so noble, so beautiful—"

"Hush, hush, Theodora! If you love me do not tempt me till I yield. Your love would send my soul to hell!"

"Then I'll go with you, for I should be in torment anywhere without you."

Demetrius took a sudden step into the moonlight, as though to save himself by fleeing, but the tempter sprang forward and caught him by the sleeve.

"Oh, Demetrius! Oh, my chick! my light, my life! do not leave me here to die alone!"

The priest hesitated for a moment, then with a groan, caught the swaying figure in his arms. The head fell back upon his shoulder, with the eyes closed, and the red lips partly open.

Father Anthony

Demetrius pressed kiss after kiss upon the upturned mouth.

Then Father Anthony sprang from the oleander bushes and fell upon his knees. He turned his thin face to heaven in the moonlight, and working his clasped hands to and fro above his head, began to pray loudly, frantically. His words poured forth in a torrent of fanatic eloquence. He called upon the mother of God, and the saints, to assist Father Demetrius in this his hour of need, to give him strength yet to overcome this terrible temptation. He prayed that the devil might be given his own hideous shape before their very eyes, that Father Demetrius might see him as he was, and be saved. While he prayed, the poor lovers vanished into the bushes and hastened back to the monastery.

“Go to your cell, quick! and go to bed,” said the sharp-witted Theodora. Demetrius obeyed, and Theodora, locking the gate of the court on the inside, tiptoed into the

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cell of the hegoumenos with the bunch of keys, which she hung on the accustomed nail at the end of the bookcase. The dear old man was sleeping peacefully, as one with so fair a conscience deserves. A ray of moonlight fell lovingly athwart the bearded face and silver head. Theodora crossed herself as one who looks upon great holiness or death itself. Then she went to her bed.

Soon after, a loud clattering of the church bell awoke the monks to midnight prayers. At the same moment Father Anthony began to pound violently upon the door without, and to shout for admittance.

"Let me in," he cried, "quick! quick! The devil has made off with Father Deme-trius. Help! help!"

In much amazement several of the brothers ran to the spot, while the hegoumenos, soon after appearing, opened the door. Yanni held a lantern on high, whose uncertain light gave an unearthly grotesqueness to the strange group.

Father Anthony

"Father Demetrius is lost!" shouted Anthony; "I saw him in the wood being tempted by the devil in woman's form, and while I prayed for his deliverance they vanished together. The evil one has flown off with him. Down, down on your knees altogether, brethren, and pray for the rescue of his soul!"

"Why!" exclaimed Father Joseph, "here's Demetrius himself."

And sure enough, the handsome monk at that instant appeared, dressed for the midnight service. All eyes were turned upon him curiously as he inquired the cause of the disturbance.

"Glory to God, he has escaped!" shouted Anthony; "when the devil heard my prayers he fled."

All were anxious for a detailed explanation from Father Anthony, and Demetrius exhibited as much curiosity as any of his *confrères*.

"After the service, my children, after

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the service, commanded the hegoumenos; "we must not let any device of the evil one cause us to neglect our duties to God."

Accordingly, after the service, Father Anthony related in full all that he had seen of the tempting of Demetrius. He laid great stress on his own watchfulness, and closed by earnestly recommending severer abstinence from food and sleep to the other monks.

"As for these two women now in the building," he added, "I do not know whether they be actually devils, or whether the devil appeared to Demetrius in the form of one of them. I do know that any woman is, in herself, a menace to holiness, and should be avoided as if she were the very devil. If I had my way about it, I would not allow Satan's chief influence for evil to be introduced into an abode of holy men."

Having delivered himself of these righteous sentiments, he retired to his cell.

Father Anthony

The other monks, one and all, took sides against Father Anthony.

"Demetrius was quietly asleep in his cell where he ought to have been; Anthony was on the outside with the door locked against him. Who knows where he had been prowling?"

Each one of them, in turn, accused Anthony of the fault which his own weakness suggested.

"He was off to a lamb roast somewhere, and invented this story when he found he could n't get in without discovery," said Father Spiro.

"Some sailors have treated him to smuggled wine," suggested Father Joseph, smacking his lips, "and it turned his head. Once a Greek sea captain gave me a bottle of Spanish wine. That was many years ago, and I have n't forgotten the taste to this day."

"Farmer Christodoulos has a very pretty daughter," sneered the old monk with the

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impure mind; "he should be sure she is in her room o' nights."

The hegoumenos reproved sternly all these suggestions, and placed no faith in any of them. He was, nevertheless, greatly puzzled. For the family from Marseilles, he had the highest respect, and could not, in his mind, connect either of the ladies with a scandal. It was true, also, that Demetrius had been in his cell; the door of the court had been locked, and the keys found safely hanging in their accustomed place.

The good superior at length decided that Father Anthony was suffering from hallucination; that he had fasted and watched until his brain had become affected. He, therefore, summoned the young monk before him, and advised him to eat more and sleep more for awhile, and to cast upon God some of the responsibility which he felt for the welfare of his brothers.

Father Anthony

“Be not over-righteous,” he quoted; “for why shouldst thou destroy thyself?”

Father Anthony took the advice in no kindly spirit. He had expected the highest commendation for his zeal. Moreover, when he found his story was not believed, he grew indignant, and thenceforth treated his brethren with haughty disdain.

His conduct at length became so unendurable that the good hegoumenos hailed, with joy, Anthony's proposal to leave the monastery, and to take up his abode in the wilderness as a hermit.

“There at least,” said he, “I shall not see men in holy garb drinking wine and sucking goats' eyes, neither shall I have the society of women forced upon me.”

Thus ended Father Anthony's monastery life, and every inmate of the old walls heaved a sigh of relief when his tall form disappeared forever around the bend in the long road that skirts the sea. In his right hand, he carried his earthly

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effects tied up in a large colored handkerchief, and his left arm hugged to his side a huge book bound in pigskin. It was that volume of "The Saints," which contained the "Life and Victories of Anthony the Good," founder of the hermit system.

Father Anthony

XVII.

PARASKEVÉ KOKKINOU was a very beautiful girl of the buxom type. Her face was oval, her lips were full and red, her eyes were large and wide apart. They would have been black but for a fire that glowed behind them like the sun behind a cloud.

Sometimes this fire smoldered, and then the eyes were a dark violet in color. Sometimes a few rays struggled through, and then they took on a lighter tint. If the fire blazed out in full force, as it often did, you could not tell what color the eyes were, but imagined yourself looking at the deep sky of Greece, saturated with morning sun.

When you talked with Paraskev , a speaking intelligence came and went in her eyes, for all the world as though a soul peeped out of window at you every few

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moments, and then went away again. She had wavy brown hair, with fluffy locks at her ears, and cunning short curls at the nape of her neck.

Paraskev  s figure was magnificent. Though but eighteen years of age, she was a big woman, and voluptuously developed. Her deep chest and swelling bosom made you think that such as she should be a hero's mother. She held her head erect like a queen, and looked you fearlessly in the face. Her back curved inward gracefully like a plump colt's, and her waist and hips were as God made them. Hands and feet shapely and not too small; ears like pink sea-shells; complexion a clear brunette—such was Paraskev  .

Any man on the right side of seventy who can look on such a picture and not feel his heart beat faster is guilty of blasphemy. Indifference in such a case is contempt of the Creator's skill. Paraskev   being a Greek peasant girl, wore a costume that

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was becoming to a bewitching degree. Her dress consisted of two principal parts: first a white cotton chemise, sleeveless, reaching to her feet; and second, a wide-sleeved woolen jacket that came down to the knees. Both were richly embroidered in red and black after the Greek style. About her head she usually wore a silk scarf, and on her feet Turkish half-slippers. As these latter only covered her toes, the greater part of her shapely feet, encased in snowy stockings knitted by her own hands, were visible when she walked.

On fête days, Paraskevė wore a fillet of Turkish gold coins about her forehead, and many strings of the same across her chest, for she was the richest girl in all the region around, and it is the custom for Greek country maidens to wear a portion of their doweries where it can be seen.

Nor did these Turkish coins constitute all of her wealth. Her father and mother were both dead, and the house in

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which she lived with an aged aunt was her own, as was also the lemon orchard of three acres in which it stood. Hers, also, were the proceeds of a hundred olive trees on the hillslope higher up, and a fine flock of goats owned her as their mistress. Every time a little, weak-legged kid was born and danced awkwardly about the hillside, Paraskev  became that much richer.

To any one acquainted with Greek country life, it may seem strange that so attractive and desirable a maiden should have been allowed to reach her eighteenth year unmarried. It is but paying just tribute to the good sense of the young men of the neighborhood to say that she had been beset by offers of matrimony since her fourteenth year.

Many times had the matchmakers come to Aunt Aspas a with arguments in favor of this or that young man; and really, the amiable old lady was beginning to be much concerned.

Father Anthony

"Are you going to turn nun, my chick?" she would say. "Fie upon you! so young, so beautiful, and so rich! Why, you could have your pick of the whole country. If your father were living, he would have married you off three years ago."

And at other times she would plead: "Take some nice young man, my eyes, and let us have little children running in and out of the door. This is too sad a life—two women living here alone."

But Paraskev  was a spoiled child. To an extremely romantic temperament she added a will of her own which found little opposition in her independent position.

"All these men about here are so ordinary," she would answer. "When I marry it must be somebody different from the youths we see every day. With my dowry, I can get a common farmer's lad when I am forty."

This beautiful girl lived in a very beautiful and romantic spot. Any one who has

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coasted along the shores of the Peloponnesus, or sailed among the Greek islands, will remember many such locations. You pass miles of precipitous shore, bluish gray in color, where grows not a tree—scarcely even a shrub. Landward there is nothing for the eyes to rest upon save the long wall of rock, rent here and there by deep fissures, with the sea whitely foaming at its feet. You begin to grow lonely as you look, to feel that you have drifted into a wild world uninhabited by other men, when, all at once, far down the rim of foam, a green spot greets the eye. As you sail nearer, a group of tall cypress trees becomes distinguishable, standing like sentinels at the edge of a pleasant valley. Here the gray wall has divided, and throwing out its arms, lovingly embraces a quiet silver bay, with a beach shaped like the crescent moon. A little stream comes down from the mountain, keeping alive the gardens, the fruit orchards, and the rose-

Father Anthony

bushes that cover the white cottages. Ere you pass this idyllic nook, you catch a glimpse of feathery silver higher up. The olive groves are there, and often a white village nestles among them.

In such a nook of the world lived Paraskevé. Her house stood alone on the hillside, and was shaded by a great oak tree. It was a small building of two stories, and contained but three rooms. Rose-vines clambered over one end of it, and a balcony from the upper story looked over the open sea.

Was she not insupportably lonely in such an out-of-the-way place? The question naturally suggests itself, but we must remember that she knew of no other existence. She could neither read nor write her name, and the stories which she occasionally heard of the distant world and its great cities, sounded to her much as speculations concerning Mars sound to more enlightened intellects. It is deplorable that Greece has

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taken so little care for the instruction of its girls, and yet, in Paraskev  's case, inability to read was not an unmixed evil. She did not sit for hours every day, poring over trashy novels, thus filling her mind with false ideas of life, even, perhaps, with impurity. On the contrary, she busied herself, winter and summer, with household cares, and she was not ashamed to work out of doors, when necessary, helping the one old man whom she and her aunt kept to work about the place. There was the garden to be planted and looked after; there were sheep and goats to be cared for; the olives and grapes must be gathered, the oil and wine made. In addition to all this, the two women prepared their little stock of wool for the loom, carding, spinning, and dyeing it themselves. Every stitch of clothing that was worn by the small family was made at home.

With all these claims upon her time, it is hard to see how Paraskev   found time for

Father Anthony

any further employment. It is a fact, however, that she possessed as complete a dowry wardrobe as any girl in the country, all made by her own fair hands. This she kept, for the most part, in a huge wooden trunk, richly ornamented with mosaic work—an heirloom from Turkish times. Let us lift the lid and peep in. A faint odor of perfume escapes and greets our nostrils, the aroma of some aromatic plant scattered among the clothing. The things that we shall admire most among the contents are the beautiful embroideries. There are a number of three-cornered handkerchiefs of colored silk, delicately worked, and other similar ones, of less expensive material. These are for headwear on fête days, and take the place of bonnets. The lucky swain who marries a girl like Paraskevė will have no Easter hats to buy.

There are several sheets of home-made linen, with pillow-cases to match. On each of these has been worked a wreath

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of flowers, with the initials *Π. Κ.* in the center.

Underwear, stockings, embroidered aprons—why enumerate further? Every Greek country girl worth having makes these things herself, and brings them to her husband.

Nor had Paraskev  stopped here, for she had found time to weave half a dozen rugs of pure wool, and as many bed blankets, all in bright, variegated colors.

Thus it is easy to understand that this industrious girl must have spent much of her time at the little hand-loom which was set up in one of the downstairs rooms.

Thus was she engaged one quiet afternoon in July. Red roses bent down from the clambering vines, and peeped in at her. The faint breeze was sweet with breath from their parted lips. A thousand locusts chirped monotonously in the cool oak trees. The sea was visible from the open door, shimmering between the cypress trees.

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Paraskev  had laid aside her embroidered jacket, and her arms were bare to the shoulders. They were pink and white and very plump, and as she threw the shuttle back and forth, dimples played "hide and seek" in her rounded elbows. Her long, glossy hair hung down her back in two braids, tied at the ends with bits of colored ribbon. She sang, while she worked, a plaintive love song, one of those wild, monotonous tunes one so often hears in the Greek islands.

So occupied was she that she did not hear a quick, nervous footfall outside the door, nor did she look up until the shadow of a man fell athwart the floor in front of her. Then Paraskev  raised her eyes, and so astonished was she that she kept her plump, white arms outstretched over the loom.

A young man stood before her, dressed in the garb of a monk. His scantily bearded face was thin and pale, but the features

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were regular. His eyes were large and expressive, and his temples were festooned with short, brown curls that had escaped from beneath his hat.

Paraskevė's first impulse was to scream, but the sight of the holy garb reassured her, so she said: "Hail, father, how can I serve you?"

For answer, the monk stared so long that the situation became embarrassing. Then he muttered: "Holy St. Anthony defend me!" crossed himself devoutly, and walked away. Paraskevė noticed that he carried a bundle in his right hand, and a huge leather-bound book under his left arm.

This extraordinary incident excited the girl's curiosity to an overpowering degree. Springing to her feet, she ran to the door leading into the next room, crying: "Aunt Aspasía! Aunt Aspasía! Do get up and come here, quick!"

The elder woman, yielding to the influ-

Father Anthony

ences of the day, had lain down for a long nap. She immediately appeared, rubbing her eyes and grumbling: "What's the matter, child? Holy Mother! one would think the house was surrounded by brigands, or that you had seen *St. Spiridon's ghost*."

"Come to the window, quick! Such a peculiar man!"

Aspasía did as she was bidden, but Father Anthony, for the strange visitor was none other, had disappeared among the trees.

"And what was there so peculiar about this man?" persisted the aunt, for being suddenly aroused from sleep had made her peevish.

"Oh, he was a monk, but such a monk! Tall, slender, and young, with big, sad eyes, and short, brown curls. He looked at me in such a funny way, and then crossed himself and hurried off as though I were a ghost."

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“Only a monk, eh?” growled Aspasia;
“it’s encouraging, though, to have you take
an interest in any kind of a man, even in
one who wears a cassock.”

Father Anthony

XVIII.

AFTER leaving the monastery, Father Anthony had crossed over to the mainland, and gone southward along the Argolic coast. His idea was to find some lonely habitation, deserted hut, habitable cavern, or, preferably, "little church of the wilderness," where he might live in heroic asceticism.

The loaf of bread which he had taken with him had sufficed for three days, and he had slept under trees. On the fourth day, he had earned two drachmas working in a harvest field, and the farmer had been glad of an extra pair of hands, for labor is scarce in Greece. With this money he had bought two brown loaves, which he hid away in his cassock, besides some olives, and a little string of spicy garlic to keep him healthy. He had, moreover, been told

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of a tiny church which bade fair to serve his purpose admirably. It was situated on a rocky islet that lay off the extremity of one of the long arms encircling Paraskevė's bay.

Thither was Father Anthony bound when, stopping to ask for a glass of water, he first saw Paraskevė looking up at him with her big, soft eyes, her bare arms flashing over the loom in the sunlight. His opinion of women we already know. That opinion, confirmed by Father Demetrius's case, and strengthened by long brooding, had grown almost into a mania. As the devil appeared to St. Anthony in the form of a beautiful maiden, Father Anthony believed every attractive woman to be a physical manifestation of the evil one.

"Why is a woman beautiful?" he would say to himself. "To distract holy men, and to lead away their thoughts from pious contemplation; for no other reason, for without beauty, she serves all good and useful purposes."

Father Anthony

With these reflections, and many more in the same vein, did he strengthen his mind as he continued on his way toward the little church. Much to his disgust, however, he found his soliloquy broken into from time to time by involuntary parenthetical exclamations. Do the best he would to fix his attention on the subject in hand, viz., the dangerous influence excited by beautiful women upon the minds of holy men, he could not help exclaiming every now and then, "What white arms!" "What white arms!" He had, of course, taken in the whole picture of Paraskev  as she sat there at the loom; but it was the plump, white arms that kept flashing before his eyes, and would not be argued away. Perhaps, if he had first seen the maiden with her jacket on, she would not have caught his eye. On such small points do our destinies turn.

About a week after his advent in the neighborhood, Paraskev  heard of the young

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priest again. In fact, the whole countryside by that time, had begun to talk of him.

“Oh, aunty!” cried Paraskevė one day, running into the house in great excitement. “What do you think? I just saw Marigó Kallispera on a donkey. She and her two little brothers have been up to Drytown (Ξερόχορι) to buy groceries.

“Well, well, what was there remarkable about that?”

“Nothing, only the priest —”

“What priest?”

“Why, the handsome young priest, who stopped here a few days ago, and ran off when he saw me, as though I had been a ghost. Why, he’s the holiest man that ever came into these parts. He’s living in the little church on the island, all alone. He worked two days for Marigó’s father, helping in the vineyard. He looked so sad and so handsome that Marigó went up and spoke to him—feeling sorry for him, you know.

Father Anthony

But he went over to another end of the field without saying a word. The next day, Mr. Kallispera got Mrs. Stefanos and her daughter to help, and the priest left. He told Mr. Kallispera that he was a holy man, and could not remain where there were so many women around. Mr. Kallispera paid him three drachmas. He said he ate nothing but bread and water, and that he could live for two weeks on three drachmas."

Aunt Aspasia crossed herself reverently.

"He is indeed a holy man," said she. "May he bring much good fortune to the neighborhood."

"Amen!" responded Paraskev , fervently. "And he's so handsome, too. Marig  says that all the girls are just crazy about him."

"Silence, child!" cried Aunt Aspasia, in horror. "How dare you speak thus about a man of God?"

The discussion ceased here for the time being, but neither of the women

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could dismiss Father Anthony from her mind.

That very evening, Aunt Aspasia, as soon as she could slip off unobserved, walked out to the little point, opposite the barren rock on which stood the church. For some time she stood concealed behind a crag, watching, shading her eyes with her hand. The sun was setting at the other side of the sea, and the long pathway of glory that lay on the waves blinded her. She saw not the sunset. She was annoyed that the light got into her eyes, and prevented her seeing the man who could live on bread and water.

Soon the great disk slid between the sea's edge and the sky, and the tiny church stood out distinct and gray among the sad waters of the sudden twilight.

Then Aunt Aspasia caught her breath in wonder and admiration, for while she looked the young monk emerged from the door, carrying an earthen water jar in his hand. How plainly she could see him across the

Father Anthony

narrow strait! He stood alone in that light which often comes at sea just after sunset, and which is like the light of another world, so soft it is, so mystical, so diaphanous. She could see every line of his figure and features clearly, yet softly, outlined, as in a perfect photograph.

He had no hat on, and his wavy, brown hair, worn long, as is the custom among the Greek priests, floated back on the wind and left his high forehead bare. His features were thin, and as he turned his face sideways toward her, they stood out against the sky like the profile of some young saint painted on a church screen.

With slow and deliberate steps did Father Anthony descend to the edge of the rock, as though pondering the destinies of mankind. There was moored a little skiff, the use of which he had obtained from Mr. Kallispera. Into this he stepped and shoved off. Aunt Aspasia gave vent to a smothered scream, for as the unstable waves rose

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between her eye and the boat's level, Father Anthony seemed to be sitting on the surface of the water, paddling himself to land.

Satisfied at length that this was an optical delusion, she crossed herself devoutly and hurried home, unseen.

Father Anthony had come to land for water, and the next night when he tied his skiff to a rock and started up the path toward the brook, Aunt Aspasia slipped from behind her crag, tiptoed to the water's edge, and placed in the boat a loaf of bread, half a dozen boiled eggs, a tumbler of orange preserves, and some beautiful grapes.

Then she stole back, muttering: "He must not be worried with worldly cares. He must have all his time for prayer and meditation. Who knows? Perhaps he will become so holy that he will be able to perform miracles."

When Father Anthony returned to the boat, he found the bread, the eggs, and the delicacies, and much he wondered as he

Father Anthony

held them in his hands and looked them over. His eyes also sparkled, and he smacked his lips, for he was very hungry.

Suddenly his manner changed, and he cried in a loud, stern voice: "Get thee behind me, Satan! Dost thou think to tempt me with offerings to my belly? Me, Father Anthony, who have neither been terrified by wild animals nor yielded to the seductions of fair women? Thus, thus, do I scorn thee!"

Saying which, he hurled Aunt Aspasia's tumbler of delicious preserved oranges against the face of the cliff, following it up with the eggs and the grapes. He even picked up the bread, but after a moment's hesitation, put it back in the boat.

"St. Anthony," he said, "lived on bread and water. By accepting this loaf, I shall have more time for prayer. Thus shall I beat the devil with his own weapons!"

Now, nothing is ever done by anybody in Greece that is not seen or heard by some-

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body else. So it chanced that two small boys had followed Father Anthony to the sea-shore, and were watching him from behind a rock with bulging eyes and bated breath.

They saw, heard, and told all. Thus was the young priest's fame spread in all the region thereabouts, and no less a man than the demarch of Drytown came down to look at the marks made on the face of the cliff by Aunt Aspasía's boiled eggs and orange preserves. And seeing, he crossed himself, and cried: "This is, indeed, a holy man!"

Father Anthony

XIX.

THE church in which Father Anthony had taken up his abode was dedicated to the "Holy Virgin, the Averter of Grasshoppers." In former years the peaceful region thereabout had been greatly devastated by grasshoppers. These pests had come frequently in a cloud, stripping the ground of the green barley and vegetables, and denuding the trees and vines of their leaves.

The simple country folk were almost reduced to despair, when, one day, two boys, who had swum over to the island, found there an old, weather-worn picture of the Virgin. They brought it to their home, and their father, for the boys were brothers, immediately mounted his donkey and rode off to the pious village of Drytown. The picture was deposited in the demarch's

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office, and many came to see it. Finally, an old woman, much respected for her piety, and not a little feared for her knowledge of mysterious matters, declared that the picture was a holy eikon; that it had fallen from heaven, and that a church must be builded on the spot where it had been found.

As the grasshoppers had been particularly bad this year, the rumor soon spread that the eikon was a sign that the Virgin was about to listen to the many supplications being addressed to her. A collection was accordingly taken up, to which every one, poor and rich, contributed. The little church was builded and dedicated to the "Holy Virgin, the Averter of Grasshoppers," and the holy image was given the place of honor on its walls. To this day, the people of the region hold a religious festival on the island every 15th of August, and strange to say (or, perhaps, not strange, who knows?), the grasshoppers have not

Father Anthony

appeared in the vicinity of Drytown since the building of the church.

Two or three days before the 15th, immediately succeeding Father Anthony's appearance in the neighborhood, Marigó came over to see Paraskevė, and to relate an important bit of news.

"What do you think?" said she; "Father Yanni has asked the handsome young hermit to assist in the vesper service next week, and he has consented."

"Oh, won't that be glorious!" cried Paraskevė; "we shall actually hear him talk. I'll warrant he has a voice as sweet as an angel's."

"I, for one," declared Marigó, "mean to make him talk to me. I shall invite him to eat from our basket, and shall offer him wine and flowers; if he refuses all these things, I shall speak to him about the state of my soul. Once get the ice broken, and he won't be such a bugaboo."

Paraskevė made no reply, but she felt

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a flush of feeling run through her, different from anything she had as yet known. It was not exactly anger, and yet it made her feel uncomfortable. She spoke up quite sharply.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, myself. It wouldn't be proper, and I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why, he's a monk."

"I don't care what he is," pouted Marigó; "a monk has no business to be so handsome. The idea of his taking vows to shun all the women in the world! I'll give him some shunning to do."

Marigó was a plump little girl, with a round, brown face, and black, mischievous eyes.

On the afternoon of the 14th, numerous small boats were to be seen coasting along the shores of the bay. Most of these were filled with youths and maidens in gala attire. In many were chairs and tables, thrusting their legs in the air like unfortu-

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nate quadrupeds laid on their backs. Well-filled lunch baskets were stowed away in the prows of all, and the two rival wine dealers of Drytown brought along casks of their best vintage. As each boat unloaded, its occupants ran about in an excited manner, seeking to pre-empt the most favorable locality for the placing of tables and chairs. Soon several booths were erected for the sale of sweetmeats, biscuits, and resin wine at half a penny a glass. One enterprising countryman had roasted a young pig on a wooden spit, and had set it up by the side of a tree, one end of the spit being stuck firmly in the ground. The animal was brown as a berry, and before its dissection began, looked pathetically life-like. By its side stood the merchant, a huge knife in hand, ready to cut off chunks of any desired magnitude. Right merrily, he shouted: "Come on, boys! Come on, heroes! It's loukoumi! It's a pullet! It's a little partridge!"

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Blankets were spread, too, at the top of poles to keep off the night dews, for most of the worshipers intended to make their beds on the island, and to remain all night.

Father Anthony, assisted by the village priest, had thoroughly swept the church earlier in the day. Some of the first comers decorated it with flowers, and hung a beautiful wreath of roses about the kind face of the Virgin.

When Marigó arrived with her family, the island was already covered with people. As soon as she could find an opportunity, she ran about among the crowd in search of Father Anthony. The village priest, a good, kindly soul, was eating a piece of roast pig, and discussing a glass of wine with some old-time friends.

"If he was only socially inclined now, like that," sighed Marigó.

Finding him nowhere among the good-natured throng, she peeped at last into the church. There sat Father Anthony, pale,

Father Anthony

stern, and devout, poring over the evening's service. He looked so wrapped in holy meditation that she drew back, as though guilty of a sacrilege. Then she noticed that no one else disturbed him, but that others peeped in at the door furtively, as though wishing to avoid the appearance of obtrusion or curiosity. Occasionally passers-by crossed themselves and murmured: "A saint has come to us."

Marigó's courage deserted her. She stamped her foot petulantly on the ground and sighed: "What right has a saint to be so young and beautiful, and have such curly hair?"

Early in the evening the vespers began. The candles were lighted, as well as the tiny oil lamps under the sacred eikon. The little church was packed with people, and a devout throng crowded about the door. As fast as those within forced their way out to get breath, others elbowed their way in, and filled up the vacant places.

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Hour after hour Father Anthony read the liturgy, the people crossing themselves at the appropriate passages. Occasionally he swayed the censer to and fro, and then the candles looked like stars on a misty night.

Hour after hour he chanted and prayed on in the dim, incense-heavy light. His powers of endurance seemed supernatural.

"It is a miracle," said those outside.
"He is a saint."

And during the entire service Paraskevė stood in the front rank of the worshipers, her great, soulful eyes fixed on Father Anthony's face. She was in gala attire, with her most beautiful embroidered scarf tied about her head. One long, heavy braid fell down over her right shoulder.

When he first saw the eyes, Father Anthony gave a start and lost his place in the sacred book. He soon found it again, but it seemed as though two white arms were stretched across the page.

"This is a device of the devil," he

Father Anthony

thought, and he combated the delusion with all his power of will. If he fixed his mind sharply on the meaning of the text, the arms would fade entirely away. If he relaxed his will power for a moment, they took shape again dimly before his eyes, transparent, so that he could see the lines through them. If he allowed himself to think, "How beautiful they are," they flashed before him, pink, white, and round, and he lost his place again. At such times he would gasp: "St. Anthony, help me!" and the people crossed themselves, saying one to another:

"He is talking with the saints."

And then the eyes! He was conscious they were fixed upon him all the time. No matter how firmly he resolved not to look, he found himself gazing into them every moment.

"This is no woman," thought Father Anthony; "this is indeed the evil one, trying to mock me in the ministration of the

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Word, and to make a public shame of me. I will go on until my powers fail."

Father Yanni fell asleep on the chancel steps and snored mightily, and Father Anthony read on and on, until the closeness of the air, the incense, and weariness overcame him. Toward midnight a sudden faintness seized him. The page became a hopeless blur. Then the faces of the worshipers, the walls of the church, the whole world melted together into a great night, through which shone far and luminous the starlike eyes of Paraskev .

Great excitement prevailed. The young saint had fainted. Perhaps he was dead. Happily some one was present who knew that he needed air, and he was carried out of the church, and laid tenderly upon the sand. The sea-breeze immediately revived him, and he sat up, and looked around. The first thing he beheld was the dark, pert face of Marig , who was bending over him, offering him a glass of wine.

Father Anthony

“Drink this, my father, do,” she pleaded; “it will do you good.”

“Yes, drink it, father,” chimed in the by-standers; “the girl is right. It will brace you up.”

Father Anthony pushed the cup from him.

“I do not drink wine,” he said, “and I seek no help from women.”

For the moment he did not realize where he was, until, glancing about the circle of sympathetic faces, his gaze rested upon an old man, holding aloft a pine torch.

It was Paraskevé's servant, and by his side she stood, looking down upon him with pitying eyes. Father Anthony rose to his feet.

“Go back to the church, friends,” he commanded. “The vespers will not be finished till four o'clock. I want to be alone.”

They obeyed him. Until nearly dawn the services were continued by Father Yanni

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in the little church, after which those who were weary sought their rest, and the remainder passed the time until dawn singing and talking.

During most of the next day the villagers and country people remained on the island, making merry.

Pigs and lambs were roasted on spits, wine flowed free, and Grecian soil trembled once more to the tread of the old Pyrrhic dance.

Paraskev , meanwhile, was conscious of a vague feeling of shame and guilt, for what reason she could not tell. She found herself blushing when spoken to, and was in mortal dread lest some one should ask her why.

Father Anthony did not appear during the whole day, a fact which at first caused much uneasiness. Some ungodly young men, however, who came over on the morning of the 15th, to talk with the girls and to dance, found his boat safely tied to a rock on the mainland.

Father Anthony

It was therefore concluded by all that he had gone to spend the day in solitude, doubtless regarding participation in the merry-making as incompatible with his vows as a hermit.

And so he had. But this did not prevent his lying flat on a crag on the mainland, from which point of vantage he looked across a bit of sea, down upon the rocky islet, where his church was situated. The people seemed no bigger than rabbits, and it was utterly impossible to distinguish one from another. Yet Father Anthony continued to gaze, and while he gazed he muttered.

"She is a devil," he said; "more dangerous and more powerful than anything I have as yet encountered. Oh, St. Anthony! help me in this my hour of need. What beautiful eyes! What beautiful eyes!"

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XX.

SEVERAL days after the festival at the church, Marigó came again to Paraskevé's house.

"Let's go over and see the handsome monk," said she.

"What?" cried Paraskevé, scarcely crediting her ears.

"Oh, I've thought out a good excuse for going. We'll ask the Virgin about our lovers."

"But I have n't any lover!" said Paraskevé, emphatically.

"But what difference does that make? It's only an excuse for going, in case anybody asks us."

"Besides," persisted Paraskevé, "the girls never go to that Virgin for such a reason. They go to the one on the monastery road."

Father Anthony

“Well, what of that? The Virgin is the Virgin. At any rate, I’m going over to the island, and I shall see Father Anthony. He must be lonely enough to talk by this time. If you won’t go with me, I’ll take Christo along.”

Christo was the speaker’s ten-year-old brother.

“Wait a minute, I’ll come,” said Paraskevė, as Marigó started down the path. Snatching up a scarf for her head, she soon overtook her friend.

“We must be back in an hour,” she said. “Aunt Aspasia has gone over to Father Yanni’s church with our offering of white bread. She’ll be apt to stop and talk with the priest’s wife for awhile. If I get back before she returns, she need n’t know I’ve been gone at all.”

Paraskevė found herself contemplating deceit—a circumstance so unusual with her that she felt a sharp pang of remorse, and stood still for a moment, half persuaded to

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turn back. Then the thought struck her: "Is it right to let this giddy girl visit the young priest alone? Who knows what she may say to him there, or about him afterward? No, it is my duty to go."

Paraskev , among her other possessions, owned a very fine boat. It had been built in Hydra, and was rather larger than an ordinary cat-boat. There were locks for three pairs of oars, besides a socket in front, in which a short mast could be set, that held a long yard fixed obliquely. The large, triangular sail was not, for the time being, in use, as Aunt Aspasia had been dyeing it a beautiful terra-cotta color with pine bark, and it was not yet dry.

Paraskev  could manage this boat as well as the best fisherman on the Mediterranean, an art which she had learned from her father.

The girls were soon seated in the craft, and each taking an oar, they pushed off for

Father Anthony

the island. A very few moments brought them to the landing place.

"He's here! he's here!" cried Marigó in a tone of exultation.

There, indeed, was the monk's skiff drawn up on a tiny bit of sand. The girls pulled their own boat out beside it, and walked briskly to the church, Marigó leading the way.

Outside the door the latter cast her eyes around. The hermit was nowhere in sight.

"He's inside," whispered Marigó, her finger to her lips. "Let me manage. Notice what I say." Then raising her voice, so that the supposed inmate of the church could hear, she continued: "Come inside, Paraskevé, quick, while good Father Anthony is away. Let's ask the Virgin now, while no one is near."

Stepping up to the sacred eikon, she crossed herself. Then, kissing the picture three times ostentatiously, she held a penny

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against its face while she prayed: "Oh, Holy Mother, tell me, does he love me or does he not?" Taking her fingers from the penny, it slid to the floor. Had it remained sticking to the picture, Marigó would have felt herself sure of her lover's affection.

"Oh, is n't that mean!" she exclaimed, pursing her pretty lips into a pout. "Now, Paraskevé, come and try your luck, quick, before Father Anthony comes."

But Paraskevé steadily refused, on the ground that she had no lover.

"Oh, you mean thing," suddenly cried Marigó, and falling against the curtain she recovered herself inside the sacristy. "Stop pushing me!"

"I did n't push you," declared Paraskevé, angrily; "what do you mean by telling such a falsehood?"

"Well, you need n't get so angry about it. He is n't in there, anyway. Where in the world can he be? What can have hap-

Father Anthony

pened to him? Maybe he's fallen off a rock and got drowned."

Startled by this reflection the two girls ran around the entire circumference of the island, but nothing of Father Anthony could they see. Marigó even raised her voice and called his name shrilly, but the sound floated away over the heaving waters, and no answer came back. Then they sat down on a cliff, with their feet hanging over, and put their arms around each other's waists.

"He's gone away," said Paraskevė.

"No, his boat would not be here then," replied Marigó. "He has fallen into the sea and been drowned. Perhaps from this very cliff."

They both bent forward and looked timidly down. The cliff was very high and stern, and the waves were piling white foam at its feet. They seemed like playful babes toddling up to the knees of some dreadful warrior with their hands full of

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lilies. The girls buried their faces each in the other's shoulder and wept.

On their way back to the boat Paraskev  stopped and held up a forefinger. Both listened. A man's voice could be heard, faint and far off, in continuous discourse of some kind. They moved again to the edge of the island, and were left in doubt no longer. They could not distinguish words, but Father Anthony was somewhere praying. But where? For no sign of him could they see.

"Holy Virgin, help us!" gasped Marig . "He is indeed drowned, and that is his ghost. Come away quickly. If we see him we are both dead women," and she hurried to the boat, threw herself flat upon her face, and covered her head with her cloak.

"I will find him," muttered Paraskev ; "I will save him. He is down there in the sea. Even if he is dead, I would rather see his ghost than any other man alive."

She fluttered along the edge of the cliff

Father Anthony

like a bird. She came to a place where descent was possible to a narrow shelf by the sea's edge. Along this she tiptoed, holding on to the stunted shrubs. Where the shelf ended, a transverse wall rose before her, pierced by a narrow tunnel. She fell upon her hands and knees, and crawled through. When she arose, she found herself upon a bit of white sand, in a recess which the waves had hollowed out in the base of the cliff. Before her knelt Father Anthony, praying frantically.

Seeing Paraskev , he sprang to his feet and shrank back against the rocks with one hand thrown out before him, as if warding off some great danger.

“Avaunt!” he cried; “for now I know thee for what thou art. Thy great, sweet eyes, and thy beautiful white arms have been in my mind night and day, driving out holy contemplation. Those eyes have waked me up at night, shining in the room like morning stars. And I said: ‘It’s not

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a devil; they are so soft, so tender.' But now as thou hast even followed me here, I know that thou art indeed a devil."

Suddenly he stepped forward and fell again upon his knees.

"Go away, sweet devil," he prayed. "Hadst thou even come in such a form to my master, St. Anthony, he could not have resisted thee. Go away, thou art too beautiful. I am not worthy to be tempted by such divine loveliness. Alas! I am no saint! I am only poor Anastasi of Damala. Go away! Go away!"

Paraskev  s eyes filled with tears. She made no reply, but turned about and vanished as she had come.

Paraskev   arrived at the house again before her aunt's return. Without removing the scarf from her head, she went to a little mirror in her bedroom, and looked at her reflection long and earnestly.

"Poor man!" she sighed, at last; "poor man! I was never loved like that before.

Father Anthony

What shall I do? He seems to be going crazy for me!" Then she looked in the glass again.

"My eyes are not bad," she said.

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XXI.

FATHER ANTHONY found little relief in prayer. His only salvation was to forget the beautiful devil, but the more he prayed, the more vividly did her image present itself before his excited mind. After two or three sleepless nights and as many days of vain misery, he made the heroic resolve to quit the scene of his temptation forever.

“It is cowardly,” he said, “but I would rather fly from the devil than yield to him.”

Accordingly, he tied his few possessions, including half a loaf of bread, into a blanket which he had recently acquired, and deposited the bundle in the skiff along with the precious “Lives of the Saints.” Landing, he slung his blanket over his shoulder, took the book under his arm, and started resolutely down the curving sea beach, in the

Father Anthony

direction away from Paraskev 's house. Occasionally, as he looked back, he could see it on the hillside, white, nestling among the trees. At other times the dense foliage or a crag hid it from view. Father Anthony walked with his head bent down and his lips moving. At last he passed behind a pile of rocks that shut out entirely from his view the house and the peaceful valley. If he continued in that direction, he would never see them more.

On the morning of the same day, Paraskev  had gone far up the hillside to look for two baby kids which a shepherd had told her of. There had been rain during the night, a rather extraordinary occurrence at that season, and she feared that the kids might chill through and die for want of attention. She found them—long-legged, big-jointed, and silken-eared. One was quite lively, bunting at the dugs and wiggling its stumpy tail most gleefully. The other was lying upon the ground, shivering. Occa-

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sionally it staggered to its feet, then sank down again, saying "mama," precisely like a sick child. The old goat looked at it with big, frightened eyes. When she saw her mistress, she gave evidences of the greatest joy, and greeted her with nervous, thankful bleatings. Paraskev  placed the poor little kid under her cloak, and pressed it affectionately to her bosom. She cooed over it as though it were a baby.

"Coo! coo! coo!" she said. "Don't be afraid, poor thing! How its little heart beats. Be still, little heart! Paraskev  won't hurt it. Don't be afraid. Coo! coo! coo!"

Only its head protruded from the cloak, the long, silken ears flapping about the thin face and big, sad eyes. Then she took the other kid under her right arm, and started for home, the mother goat following contentedly, bleating occasionally in tones which expressed the most perfect confidence. Thus Paraskev  picked her way along the moun-



Stepping safely from rock to rock.

Father Anthony

tain path, talking to her charges as she went. There was no danger of her falling, for she was as neat of ankle and sure of foot as a gazelle. Thus she crossed the noisy stream high up, stepping safely from rock to rock, and at last she came into an open field back of her house.

Here Father Anthony, hidden among the rushes that grew beside the stream, saw her, for he had come back to take one more look before leaving the region forever. And when he saw her, a sudden faintness seized him, and the world began to reel. He pressed one hand to his heart and steadied himself by seizing the limb of a tree.

Now it happened that Farmer Petropoulos's black bull, a sturdy and fierce little animal that had been lost for several days, at that very moment stepped out from the olive trees skirting the open field, and looked about him. Paraskev  instantly caught sight of the animal and commenced to run, clutching the kids convulsively, as though they

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were the real objects in danger. As she quickened her pace, the wind unwound from her head the long scarf, which on this particular occasion happened to be red, and one end of it catching to a coral ornament in her hair, it floated out behind like a streamer. The bull accepted this as a personal challenge, and lowering his head, he bounded after the fleeing girl. For a moment she held on to the kids, too confused and frightened to know what to do. Then her country common sense came to her rescue, and dropping the little animals, she darted behind a large oak tree that grew in the center of the opening. She was not a moment too soon, for almost immediately the bull dashed past her, unable to overcome the momentum of his rush. Turning, he charged again, and Paraskev  dodged a second time. The girl was in the most imminent peril. It seemed that, left to her own resources, she must surely be killed. A happy thought gave her a moment's respite.

Father Anthony

Jerking the red scarf loose from her head, she cast it from her. It sailed off for a little distance on the wind, and the mad animal flew after it. While he was stamping the scarf beneath his feet, and goring at it in vain, Paraskev  stepped from behind the tree, thinking to make a dash for the house. She had, in fact, stolen a few steps on tip-toe, fists doubled, head bent forward, eyes almost starting from their sockets, when the bull caught sight of her and again rushed at her. Father Anthony gazed at the commencement of this strange scene in a sort of stupor, then of a sudden all the manhood in him awoke.

“Devil or no devil, I must save her!” he cried, and plunged into the stream, on the farther side of which he had been standing. The water was up to his knees, and he stumbled about among the rocks, dropping his precious “Lives of the Saints” without a thought as to its fate. Up the bank he scrambled, and in a few long strides he

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reached the tree just as the bull had commenced to circle around it with more methodical and deadly intent. Throwing himself upon the animal, he seized it by the horns, and shouted to Paraskev , "Run, now. Run for your life!"

The girl waited for no second command, but scurried toward the house like a frightened rabbit.

And now transpired one of those scenes which prove how closely the sublime is allied to the ridiculous. Father Anthony could no more hold the bull than he could have hurled a Jovian thunderbolt. He did succeed for several seconds in retaining his grasp of the horns, and during that space of time he was flourished about in the air very much like a feather duster in the hands of a housemaid. His long robe, meanwhile, caught in a shrub, and was torn partly off, revealing a pair of light trousers of the pattern known as "check."

Near the tree was a deep, narrow gully,

Father Anthony

through which in winter-time a swift brook ran into the larger stream. This gully saved Father Anthony's life, for he was soon lying on his back at the bottom of it, senseless, with two ribs broken.

The bull, completely puzzled by the disappearance of both his victims, pawed the ground for a short while in impotent rage, and finally disappeared among the olive trees.

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XXII.

AUNT ASPASÍA and Paraskevé lifted the unfortunate hermit from the gully, and bore him to the house. Here he was put tenderly to bed, and everything within the power of rustic knowledge was done for him. The extent of his injuries was not known, however, till the next morning, when the man of all work, who had been dispatched to Spetsai in the boat, arrived from there with a young doctor.

This limb of science, who had graduated at the excellent University of Athens, and afterward at Berlin, pronounced Father Anthony's wound serious, but not necessarily fatal.

"He is not," he said, "injured internally."

The two ribs were skillfully bandaged,

Father Anthony

minute directions were given as to the care of the patient, and the doctor left, with instructions that he was to be sent for again within two days.

Aunt Aspasia, who was a prudent soul, although kind-hearted, was somewhat terrified at the expense thus incurred. She suggested that the doctor might be sent for, if needed. But Paraskev  resented this interference with an asperity unusual to her nature.

“The doctor shall remain here for a week, if necessary,” she said. “Why, I owe my life to Father Anthony.”

The hermit improved slowly, but surely, despite the numerous herb drinks which Aunt Aspasia forced down his throat. There are no women in the world equal to those of Greece in zeal for concocting herb teas. If any plant tastes or smells especially nasty, the Greek housewife says: “This must have medicinal properties,” and immediately she lays in a stock of it as a provision

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against the first case of sickness that may break out in her family.

Paraskevé nursed Father Anthony with the greatest assiduity and tenderness, but rarely spoke to him. The scene on the island was too vividly fixed in her mind, and she was afraid that he might by voice or look betray the state of his feelings to her aunt. How wide awake that lady was in finding out other people's secrets, the girl knew by long observation. The language of eyes, however, is not easily suppressed. Often, when Paraskevé glanced shyly at the young hermit, she found him looking at her in a way that frightened her. The whiteness of his thin, classical face, drawn as it was with pain, was intensified by the dark brown curls that clustered thickly about his forehead. This very pallidness of countenance made his eyes seem larger than their wont, and there was in them a mingling of despair and passion, a mixture of fire and darkness, like the flashing of lightning on a

Father Anthony

stormy night. He looked at Paraskev  as a condemned man gazes at the sky for the last time.

The girl was within his sight or hearing most of the day, for his bed had been made up in the principal room of the house. Very beautiful and good she looked in all the humble employments of her life: whether sitting in the door making embroidery, preparing vegetables for the evening meal, or passing the door from time to time as she walked up and down the porch with her long, forked distaff fixed to her waist. Sometimes she sat in the middle of the floor, bare-armed, feeding with a spoon the delicate kid that she had gone to seek on that memorable day. At such times the mother goat looked in at the door, bleating softly, with a look of inscrutable wisdom on her ancient, bewhiskered face—an expression which none but the animal sacred to the tragic muse ever attains. The baby kid soon grew stronger, and then so affectionate

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did the goat family become that Paraskev  was forced to tether the mother at a distance from the house, in hopes that her offspring would remain there with her. The device, however, was of no avail, so far as the rescued kid was concerned. The moment it saw its mistress it came bounding to her. Often it bleated at the door in the morning till she appeared, and it followed her about like a dog all day.

One afternoon when the ribs were nearly well, but while Father Anthony was still very weak, Aunt Aspasia was obliged to leave the house for several hours to superintend the gathering of the quinces on two very choice trees. Paraskev  was sitting at the loom singing in a low voice exactly as she had been when the young hermit first saw her. She had been thus engaged for an hour or so, when she was startled by hearing Father Anthony call: "Paraskev ! Paraskev !"

It was the first time he had ever spoken

Father Anthony

her name, and she arose and went over to him, trembling like a leaf.

“Where’s my book?” he said; “my ‘Lives of the Saints’?”

“We didn’t find any book. Did you have a book with you?”

“Yes; my life of St. Anthony. I must have dropped it in the river that day when—when—”

“When you saved my life,” concluded Paraskev . Father Anthony’s eyes filled with tears, and his face distorted like that of a child about to cry. Paraskev  impulsively took him in her white arms as she had taken the little kid, and his curly head fell upon her bosom. He returned the embrace convulsively, and they kissed each other again and again.

When Aunt Aspasia returned, Paraskev  was sitting at the loom, singing a sweet love-song of Hydra.

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XXIII.

THE next morning Father Anthony was gone, much to the genuine dismay of both Paraskev  and her aunt. The latter, accompanied by the faithful man, went over to the island and found the hermit again installed in the church.

“He says he is all right now,” reported the older woman on her return, “and that there is no reason why he should trouble us longer. That he is a hermit and it is not right for him to live in a house, when he is able to stay in the wilderness. He thanked us all, and bade me say good-bye to you, as he is going to leave the neighborhood to-morrow. He is going to a lonelier place. God save him!” she ejaculated, crossing herself, “he is the greatest saint that ever lived.”

If Aunt Aspas a had watched her niece’s

Father Anthony

face closely from that time forth she would have observed there an unusual expression: a look of fixed determination and of exaltation, as of one who has passed some mental rubicon, who has made up his mind to take some great and decisive step at all hazards. Every female of the human race is a born plotter, no matter how innocently she may have been reared. So skillfully did Paraskev  carry out her determination that she managed to send her aunt off the very next morning to Drytown, in charge of the man, without exciting the least suspicion in the breasts of either. The fall quinces were waiting to be put up, and the supply of sugar and other necessities must be bought. Beside, Aunt Aspasia had not seen her bosom friend, the priest's wife, in over a month, and there was a great accumulation of gossip to be exchanged.

As soon as the two were gone, Paraskev  flew about as though she had but an hour in which to do the work of a lifetime.

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She carried the boat's yard down, and tied it firmly to the mast. She fastened the three-cornered sail and gathered it neatly at the top of the yard. Returning to the house, she brought thence food and two big earthen jars for water. She also emptied all her dowry finery upon the floor, and dragged the heavy trunk to the boat, where she stowed it safely away in the prow. The contents followed, transported by armfuls, and were repacked. The Turkish gold coins tinkled like fairy bells on the garments which they adorned.

Among the other contents of the chest was a bag of gold and silver coins, the savings of Paraskev  s father. She left a few of these in one of Aunt Aspas  a's everyday stockings, for immediate needs.

"I leave her the house and farm," muttered Paraskev  ; "she'll never come to want. Dear old Aunt Aspas  a! But I must n't think."

This latter reflection was inspired by a

Father Anthony

large tear which fell with unexpected splash upon the shapely hand.

Paraskev  s father had been a prudent man, and had never touched the dowry which he had received with his wife. His daughter's portion included these coins, and the good man's savings of twenty years, amounting in all to over twenty thousand drachmas.

But the girl took away one thing with her which she prized more than money, and that was the holy eikon, or picture of the Virgin Mary, before which she had said her prayers daily from earliest childhood.

Before this she stood and prayed fervently for a few moments, that the dear Virgin would forgive her and protect her and would take care of Aunt Aspasia. Then she kissed the picture three times, and bade it good-bye with streaming eyes. But she turned back again, sobbing: "No, no! I cannot leave it. I should n't be safe

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without it a single day. I am going away from the dear old home forever. Perhaps another house will not seem so strange if I see our Virgin hanging on the wall."

She took the picture down reverently, wrapped it in an apron, and carried it to the trunk. Before shoving off the prow of the boat she crossed herself with great solemnity. At this instant she heard the excited bleating of a kid, and her little pet came bounding down the path to her.

"Paraskev  would n't leave it behind," she said, as she picked the animal up and put it in the boat. "No, she would n't. Coo! coo! coo!"

Finally she shoved clear with one of the oars, opened the latteen sail, and flitted over to the island.

When Aunt Aspasia was nearing home on her return from Drytown, the sun was about half way down the sky, and the long shadows of herself and the donkey, and of the man trotting beside, slid along



Burning in the level rays of the sun was a terra 'cotta sail.

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before her over the dusty road. The yellow sunlight sifted among the pine trees like a fine dust, and the tips of the distant mountains were touched with gold. Shortly before the path turned down into the familiar little valley, it followed for awhile the edge of the cliff. Here the open sea suddenly broke upon the view, infinitely trembling in the soft light. A long trail of glory fell across the water, a golden road leading from the setting sun. It stretched between two little islands almost on the rim of the world, and there, leaning low in the fresh breeze, and burning in the level rays of the sun was a terra-cotta sail. Aunt Aspasia shaded her eyes with her hand: "Dear me, Spiro," said she, "that looks like our boat, does n't it?"

"Bah! bah! bah!" replied Spiro.

"Oh, of course, it could n't be," said Aunt Aspasia.

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XXIV.

ONE beautiful spring day, a short, fat, prosperous looking young man walked briskly along one of the principal streets of Nauplia. He was a very self-satisfied young man to all appearances, and everything about him gave the impression of roundness and completeness. His face was ruddy and round, his stomach was round, and he wore a little round hat upon his head. In addition, his clothing was fresh and new, and his boots were highly polished.

This young man was evidently a stranger in Nauplia, for he looked at everything with the greatest curiosity. Occasionally, when a new object of interest broke upon his view, he paused and gazed at it for several minutes with mouth wide open, as though he had eyes in his throat.

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Nor did he use his mouth only as a silent adjunct to the organs of sight. He frequently stopped passers-by with that air of *bonhomie* which only fat men acquire in greatest perfection, and asked for information. Thus he was shown the gloomy fortress of Palamidi, with the flight of eight hundred and seventy-five steps leading up to it; the island in the bay, where the public executioner is kept guarded lest the relatives of the condemned man should murder him; the church where Capodistrias was killed, and many other things for which the beautiful town is famous.

Now it happened that during his ramble he found himself by accident, or perhaps by instinct, before a wine shop of extremely neat appearance. In a small, square yard were half a dozen tables flanked by chairs. The door was shaded by a grape arbor, invitingly green, and within could be seen several rows of barrels, whose

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enormous size promised unlimited refreshment.

A man, evidently the proprietor, sat under the arbor, smoking a narghilé. This man was an extremely handsome specimen of the best type of Greek. His features were classical in outline, and his head was crowned with a mass of short, brown curls. His cheeks were ruddy, and his eyes shone with health and content. As the stranger looked, a little girl of extraordinary beauty burst from the house and ran laughing to the man's knee. He took her upon his lap, and trotting her up and down chuckled affectionately. The stranger opened the gate, and walking briskly up to the father and child gazed at them intently. The little girl, embarrassed and somewhat frightened, slid down and ran into the house. The father rose and returned the stare.

"It is Anastasi!" finally said the stranger.

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"Kotsas!" cried the girl's father, and the men embraced and kissed each other.

"I'm here on my wedding trip," volubly explained the demarch's son, seating himself at the table. "I've married a beautiful girl, 10,000 drachmas dowry. She's at the hotel—too tired to come out. But tell me all about yourself. How in the name of all the saints do I find you here? Is this your place?"

"Slowly, slowly," said Anastasi. "Wait till I bring a bottle of my oldest wine, something exceptional, in honor of the occasion."

The wine was brought, and opened with a long explanation of its history and merits.

"But I'm dying to hear what has become of you all these years. What have you been doing since you left the monastery?" interrupted Kotsas, at last.

"How's my father?"

"Oh, he's well. A little old, of course, but enjoying life. Perikles is the priest now—married to little Katina Poullos, and got

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one child—a boy. But I'll tell you all this afterward. First let's hear about yourself."

"And my mother, the dear old lady?"

"Still in good health, and seemingly as young as ever. But, good heavens, my brother! don't play with me this way. How about St. Anthony and the devils, and all that?"

Anastasi held up his wine-glass to the sun and looked through it critically for a few moments.

"Well, you see," he said at last, very slowly, "it was only the devil that tempted St. Anthony after all. I was tempted by a real woman!"

At that moment Paraskev  came and stood in the door, holding a chubby baby in her arms. She was more beautiful than ever.

Kotsas sprang to his feet, and removing his hat, made a low bow. "Ah!" he said, under his breath.

FINIS.

